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# The Critic

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## Literature

### "The Story of Two Noble Lives"

*Being Memorials of Charlotte, Countess Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford. By A. J. C. Hare. Illustrated. A. D. F. Randolph & Co.*

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS in Oriental countries that the traveller, as he strolls listlessly along, comes suddenly on a high eastern gateway in a huge blank wall and, without any warning, glancing in, gets a glimpse of a beautiful *patio* warm with heaven's light and cool with plashing fountains. The delight is only equalled by the surprise, and the surprise is commensurate with the delight; for who, in so unexpected a quarter, would ever have dreamed of finding the Gate Beautiful, or even have expected that "heaven lay about us" in such unlikely company?

The world has heard lately much that was odious about the British aristocracy, its unlovely luxury, its Sybarite pleasures, its law-suits in fashionable life and its cynical voluptuousness. The House of Lords has become well-nigh a synonym for incapacity. Public opinion seems to be drifting inevitably in the direction of abolition of hereditary privileges based on claims so slender as those of these incompetent millionaires who function simply in a spectacular way and periodically scandalize the world by their foolishness, sensuality, or cynicism. Their fate seems about to be that of the peers of France in the times of Louis XVI., and they rush upon the rocks with the obstinacy of old Charles X., who hugged the phantom while the substance of power slipped out of his fingers. Their ways seem literally to be those of the Waterford motto: *Nil nisi Cruce*—the ways of self-crucifixion or of self-pillory. The most favorable view that can possibly be taken of them is found in the volumes before us. Never did an ornamental institution appear more ornamental than in these pages, and it is perhaps fortunate for the House of Lords that peers and peeresses just at this juncture emerge to the public gaze so inundated with rose-color. If the English dearly love the nobility, they will now love them more than ever in the persons of the beautiful and accomplished women who figure as the heroines of these memorials. Charlotte, Lady Canning, and Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford, were the two daughters of Sir Charles Stuart (afterwards Lord Stuart de Rothesay), twice British Ambassador to France and once to St. Petersburg. They were born in 1817 and 1818, respectively, and first saw the light in the palace of Pauline, favorite sister of Napoleon I., a gorgeous old *hôtel* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, afterwards purchased as the home of the English embassy. From the start there seemed something French about these sprightly women, whose letters, journals and drawings fill Mr. Hare's volumes, and whose biographies give so favorable a view of "High Life" in England.

The letters are nearly all addressed to, or by countesses, viscountesses, marchionesses, earls, lords, or honorables of the *haut ton*; yet, though the personages live on these empyreal heights and breathe ambrosial air very near the throne, their correspondence reads strangely like other people's, except in the superior vividness and brightness of the exceptionally gifted women who keep up the brilliant duet through most of its vicissitudes. There is no trace of affectation or artificiality in the correspondence. The writers seem "born to the purple," and almost the only disagreeable note in the book emanates, not from them, but from the gushing and rather nauseating flatteries of the two Miss Berrys, the famous beauties of the last and early part of this century, who were the friends of Horace Walpole. Their old-time epistles overflow with eighteenth-century *Adressen-floskel*, as Heine calls them, and graphically recall the epistolary pro-

lixities of "Clarissa." Lady Charlotte Stuart married Viscount Canning, one of the sons of the great minister, and afterwards went to India with him as wife of the Governor-General during the thrilling episodes of the Indian Mutiny. Lady Louisa, whose delicate talent as an artist adds much to the book, became the wife of the Marquis of Waterford, the owner of vast territorial possessions in Ireland, a horse-racing, fox-hunting Irishman, singularly unlike her in all his tastes and acquirements, and yet, as it turned out, unaccountably congenial to the delicate and *spirituelle* Louisa. They both met with dreadful accidents in Ireland, and the Marquis was ultimately killed by being thrown from a horse at a hunt. He was one of the maddest of hunters and was of the boisterous, uncontrollable *genus* of fox-hunting 'squires familiar to us from Fielding. The noble features of Lord Canning (who had inherited much of his father's statesmanlike genius) show him to us as an entirely different kind of man from his brother-in-law. Lady Canning was constantly in attendance on the Queen at Windsor, and some of her letters give interesting glimpses of royal life *en famille* at the castle. The discreet editing of the author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life" eliminates everything (if there was such) that could offend good taste in this part of the correspondence.

The earlier part of Vol. I. is taken up by the mutually exchanged letters of Lady Stuart and the Countess of Hardwicke, mother and grandmother of the subjects of the memorials—animated, easy, graceful letters, full of the times and events of the reigns of Louis XVIII., Charles X., and, later, of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. Dinings and winings fill up the details; parties at the Embassy, dances at the Tuileries, receptions at the Duchesse de Berri's, and so on, repeat themselves perpetually, and social matters are much accentuated. The great beauty of the two sisters was predicted by the grandmother in a letter dated 1820:—"Elizabeth [Lady Stuart] and her delightful babes are quite well. Charlotte is almost beautiful and quite fascinating, which is more than beauty. She will be one, I think, who will chain men to her while she hangs on them for support. Louisa will need no man's help, but will be mainly able to give it, in mind and body." In the same letter the celebrated trial of Queen Caroline is mentioned as follows:—"Denman appeared in the House on the part of the Queen to know where she was to be seated. I had almost doubted her carrying this effrontery into execution. 'Jamais femme ne se trouvait à telle fête!' She is to sit, nay, she is *now* sitting close to the bar. \* \* \* I remember it was a part of the satanic policy of the Revolutionists in Paris to drag Antoinette to the guillotine in an old bed-gown and dirty night-dress: would that, at the present time, it was Caroline Regina herself, and not the nation, that was so dragged."

In a later letter (1854) Lady Canning was presented to the Emperor and Empress, and gives her impressions as follows:—"The Emperor and Empress received us both together in a drawing-room at the corner looking toward Paris. She is certainly exceedingly pretty and graceful. It is a singular face, with the eyes rather too near together, but of a beautiful shape, and she has a short upper lip and good skin, and it is very real beauty of its kind. I always knew she is not what *we* call tall. \* \* \* The Emperor is very short, and broader than I thought."

In 1855, on her way to India, Lady Canning writes from Egypt of the Pasha's sister:—"The sister—Mehemet Ali's daughter—was once the cleverest and the wickedest woman in Egypt; and busy in political intrigues. Now she is dying. She had us in, and received us with a sort of dignity that was surprising in a poor, little bundle of old clothes, buried in cushions, on a brass bedstead. I came away very sorry

for these poor caged birds who do nothing but smoke the live-long day, and have no sort of interest or occupation." In India she was at first charmed with the strange civilization, the strange and gorgeous flowers, the brilliant effects of Oriental costume, the picturesque architecture and everything that could evoke the vivid artist's instinct in her. Of a storm she writes:—"All the next day the lightning was more beautiful than anything I ever saw. First it was white, as if strings of silver were thrown through the air quite horizontally; then, in other places, like lightning from the hand of Jupiter; in others like trees—sometimes blue, sometimes pink. Looking out the river-way, there was a lurid brown, red and olive sunset, and beautiful reflections, then ink-like clouds all around."

Soon, however, all other interests were swallowed up in the fearful mutterings and horrible experiences of the great Indian Mutiny; and the letters and journals convey to us flashes of this frightful drama. Lord Canning acquitted himself admirably in the matter, and, with Gen. Havelock and Sir Colin Campbell, saved the Indian Empire to Great Britain. Lady Canning's correspondence is replete with descriptions of the episode, its excitements, alternations of terror and joy, and thrilling incidents. In the midst of the camp and palace life of this Reign of Terror, however, she found time to exercise that delightful talent which Lady Waterford possessed in even more excellent degree, and of which one of her correspondents writes:—"I had just got your portfolio back from Clanricarde, when Ruskin came to visit Somers. I hardly expected him to appreciate your bold flowers, and only showed him a few specimens, but he was in raptures, and said they were the grandest representations of flowers he had ever seen. He said what a *subtle* use of color you displayed; it was especially so on a sheet with a sort of trumpet-flower or bignonia. \* \* \* He thought that uncommon shade quite marvellous." Lord Clyde writes to her of her husband's achievements:—"England will receive with acclamation the great statesman who never faltered in the moment of the direst peril, and whose ultimate triumph has been so rapid, so perfect and so merciful, that history can scarcely equal it."

Everything that heart could desire fell to the lot of the beautiful sisters, but one lived to see her "warrior slain" and brought home to her on a bier, while she lingered on through a softened twilight of widowhood almost to the present time; and the other (Lord Canning's wife) died many years ago, leaving lovely memories behind her, and a stricken husband. Everyone will thank Mr. Hare for lifting the veil from these "noble lives" and allowing the world to see their beauty.

#### "Hours in a Library"

*Essays. By Leslie Stephen. New Edition, with Additions. 3 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

LITERARY HISTORIES contain accounts of many royal captives like James I. of Scotland (he of "The Kinges Quair") and Charles of Orleans who right royally employed the hours

"consecrate  
Of love's use,"

to writing poems or memoirs for the delight of themselves and, incidentally, of posterity. Thus Raleigh whiled away the dreary hours of captivity in the Tower; and Boethius nobly consoled himself with those poetic Consolations which so vividly influenced King Alfred and old Geoffrey Chaucer in times long subsequent. The harp of Richard Plantagenet sounded sweetly from the prison-house, and, doubtless, Mary Stuart in duress remembered the happy hours when she wrote her adieux to the "plaisant pays de France," while Ovid in exile points the moral and adorns the tale of ancient illustration. Nothing like exile for producing those beautiful psalms of banishment which keep perennially fresh the memory of the willows of Babylon or the waters of the Nile! The modern exile, like Prosper Mérimée, or Richard Garnett, or Robertson Smith, is much more happily situated: his prison-house is a library instead of Egypt, the Black Sea, or the Tower; and his hours of captivity, whether brought on

him by accident or predilection, are spent in richly-lighted alcoves, where mental illumination radiates from well-filled book-cases, and all the genius of the ages past or present is the lantern-bearer to the intelligent groper. King James in prison remembers his master Chaucer and tells his own love-story in charming stanzaic verse, imitative of the story of "The Knightes Tale"; Charles d'Orléans throws off exquisite bits of French song and ditty, musical of the sunny land beyond the Channel; Raleigh circumnavigates the world in his "Universal Historie"; and their refined descendants seclude themselves at Cambridge, or in the British Museum, like poetic Benedictines under a vow of isolation, only to be broken when a charming utterance like "Hours in a Library" becomes imperiously necessary.

Mr. Stephen is, indeed, one of the happiest of the self-incarcerated captives who have sequestered themselves for the world's delight, to work like the old friar on the "Book Beautiful." No one can glance over his three volumes, even critically, without rejoicing in the multiplicity of his sympathies, the range of his reading, the pleasant uses to which his "captivity" has led him, and the aptness and accuracy of his illustrations. He does not tell us what "library" it is in which he has been pasturing with such unequivocal delight, but one can easily see that it is one coequal in extent to nearly all that is good and great in English literature, and overflowing to France and America. The catholicity of his taste is thus established, for when one sees him writing *con amore* equally of Jonathan Edwards and Balzac, Hawthorne and Defoe, Richardson's novels and Horace Walpole's finalities, there is no reason to doubt that this man believes, in the words of a thirteenth-century creed, in the "holi cherche (of literature) generalliche," that Catholic creed of universal literature in which now all literate men believe. In style Mr. Stephen occasionally reminds us of Lowell, although he is more straightforward and less poetic. Like Lowell, his mind overflows with memories of his reading, and he is ever ready with a quotation or a comparison to clinch an argument or nail in a point. The one "red rag" which excites his wrath or his ridicule is, we are sorry to say, America: he continually harps on the rawness and ugliness and superficiality of "the States," not remembering that a country which came into being before Shakespeare's death or Milton's birth must have a considerable antiquity. The sceptical Stephen can hardly forgive a patriotic American like Hawthorne for loving his country, or an inventive utilitarian like Franklin for having been born there. Occasionally this general objectionableness of Americans is sprinkled in the critic's milder *accs* of causticity with such compliments as "an American is the handiest of all human beings," but usually the "genuine Yankee" is a being who verges on his detestation:—

"Two of the ablest thinkers whom America has yet produced were born in New England at the beginning of the eighteenth century. The theorists who would trace all our characteristics to inheritance from some remote ancestor might see in Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin normal representatives of the two types from which the genuine Yankee is derived. Though blended in various proportions, and though one may exist almost to the exclusion of the other, an element of shrewd mother-wit and an element of transcendental enthusiasm are to be detected in all who boast a descent from the Pilgrim Fathers."

And later on he "pitches into" Hawthorne for finding fault with John Bull and especially with the full-blown female expansion of the species, as a creature apparently made up of "steaks and sirloins," with beer instead of blood in her veins. Another part of the book finds him almost wondering whether the British have such disagreeable national peculiarities as the French, Germans, or Americans (!).

Apart from such questions of nationality, in which ingrained dislike, or hereditary antipathy, proves momentarily too potent, Mr. Stephen is a fair-minded and brilliant critic, whose views, like Lessing's, are always illuminating and distinctly advance our knowledge of men and things. No keener analysis of Richardson's style and mannerisms has ever been presented than his literary anatomizing of the fat old printer



of Georgian times; nor has Pope's morality, in all its light and darkness, ever been subjected to a more searching spectroscopic examination. "In long ages to come the English of 'Robinson Crusoe' will be the native language of inhabitants of every region under the sun," is his final judgment on Defoe's wonderful work. He is fascinated by Balzac and yet he hates him:—"the 'Comédie Humaine,' instead of being an accurate picture of human life, and appealing to the sympathies of all human beings, is a collection of monstrosities, whose vices are unnatural, and whose virtues are rather like their vices." On De Quincey Mr. Stephen utters himself as follows:—"And so in a life of seventy-three years De Quincey read extensively and thought acutely by fits, ate an enormous quantity of opium, wrote a few pages which revealed new capacities in the language, and provided a good deal of respectable padding for magazines." Horace Walpole "is almost the first modern Englishman who found out that our old cathedrals were really beautiful. He discovered that a most charming toy might be made of mediævalism. Strawberry Hill, with all its gim cracks, its pasteboard battlements and stained-paper carvings, was the lineal ancestor of the new law-courts." And so Mr. Stephen sits in Milton's "high, lonely tower," and discourses delightfully of

"Every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew."

#### "Pictures in Prose"

*Pictures in Prose of Nature, Wild Sport, and Humble Life.* By A. Trevor-Batye. Longmans, Green & Co.

THIS IS A LITTLE BOOK by one of those Englishmen of linked and rather formidable-looking name, who have added each his little *rataplan* to the drum-beat that now goes round the globe. Nothing is more wonderful than this wandering instinct of the Germanic, and especially of the Anglo-Saxon, race: "Wilhelm Meister's Wanderjahre" mystically but happily embody the idea peculiar to the blood. One of the earliest Anglo-Saxon poems is called "The Wanderer," the "Traveller," and no one can read the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle without being amazed at the exhaustless impulse to move, the great Wicking migrations of the eighth, ninth and tenth centuries, the unquenchable delight in adventure and exploration characteristic of the race from its cradle in Baltic and Scandinavian mists.

"Pictures in Prose" is a charming illustration of the theme—offspring of the severed loves and lonely peregrinations of a semi-scientific sportsman with nothing to do but explore virginally unexplored regions, and then write of them in a style which really suggests "pictures." He begins with Sweden and elk-hunting among its vast, umbrageous fir-woods and foaming *fosses* and forest Swedes, managing to insert among his adventures by fell and fjord an exquisite idyll, "The story of Little Sunlight," a tender little tale of unspeakable misfortune that overtook a lonely Swedish huntsman. The scene then shifts to salmon-fishing in Scotland and trout-catching at "beautiful Monterey on the Pacific Coast, where all day long the humming-birds are glancing about the heliotrope, and the great, white, fishing pelicans taking headers in the bay." Bear and black-tailed deer fall before the sportsman's gun, and he returns to Merrie England with game-bag and memory full of spoil. Glimpses of flora and bird-life of many kinds are given in his rambles through rural and island England, and then, on his return to "the land of the Great Spirit," a poetically graphic prose-picture is given of a moose-hunt in Manitoba, with one Kakikapo, among the snowy owls, musk-rats and bitterns. "Norfolk by the Sea" furnishes further material for delightful description of old red-tiled Dutch-English houses, wharves and windmills, and the habits of aquatic birds that haunt tidal creeks in Kent and Norfolk. Oxford and the floral procession of opening buds and blooms in spring suggest other chapters, whose happy mingling of natural history and keen observation and occasional verse and personal encounter makes a vivid impression of wide-open eyes, faithful note-books, a ready pen and attractive powers of

grouping. The book can claim nearest kinship with those bright children of Gilbert White and Richard Jefferies, so felicitously represented over here in the work of John Burroughs, Thoreau and Dr. Abbott.

#### "The Binding of Books"

By Herbert P. Horne. Illustrated. (*Books about Books. Vol. VI.*) Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE SINS OF THE modern commercial binder are many and heavy, and some of them are illustrated as well as denounced in Mr. Horne's work, which is one of a series addressed to a public supposed to care about and understand such matters. "When the binder comes to pull to pieces a modern book, which has been cased, that is to say, temporarily bound in cloth, or paper, he often finds that the sections have been irreparably damaged," says Mr. Horne. "The injury," he adds, "is the result of the casing having been viciously done, and without regard for the permanent binding, which is likely to supersede it, if the book is of any value. A book temporarily bound should be folded as carefully as a book permanently bound; but it should not be pressed, or rolled, or beaten. It should be sewn, but it should not be sawn; and the back should be left intact. Neither single sheets, nor any sections, should be pasted on, or overcast, but sewn with the rest of the book; the former having been first mounted upon guards. The end-papers, moreover, should not be pasted on, but sewn with the quires of the volume. For this purpose, additional sections of plain paper, similar to that on which the book is printed, should be supplied by the publisher." And he goes on to say that the book should not be rounded or backed, and that the edges should not be cut. A little further on he objects to heavy and hard paper, as making good, solid binding impossible. Yet his own book, which is certainly worth saving, is printed on just such paper, the plates and the end sections and fly-leaves are pasted in, and it has been badly backed. Finally, its present cloth binding is of a sort to wear out quickly, and yet the book is spoiled for rebinding. It is a mercy that it has not been sewn with wire. A good design should not, he thinks, be applied upon a cloth cover. On this point we cannot agree with him; for a cloth cover, properly made, may last a lifetime; and, if the design on the cover be worth preserving when the book comes to be bound in morocco, the cloth may be carefully removed, and may be mounted and inserted, as paper covers often are.

But Mr. Horne only touches incidentally on the subject of commercial or temporary bindings. His subject is artistic, and especially gold-tooled, bindings, and he treats it, for the most part, historically. Still, in his first chapter and his last, he gives what is perhaps sufficient information as to the processes involved in the making of a good binding. He denounces the very common practice of inserting the nerves or bands on which the sheets are sewn in cuts made by a saw in the back of the book; but he mentions without reproach the equally reprehensible practice of glueing on the head-band. He objects to silk-covered guards, because they form a sort of springs that prevent the book from closing properly. The same objection applies with greater force to vellum, which he recommends. A thin, tough paper, printed with a special design, is the best thing to use for the purpose. In the historical portion of his book, Mr. Horne devotes a proper share of space to early Italian bindings, of which he gives five good photogravure illustrations. Among the French bindings selected for illustration is one by the celebrated Geoffroy Tory, bearing his mark, the broken flower-pot; and there are examples of the work of Nicolas Eve and Le Gascon. Of English work he figures examples of Sam. Mearne, Roger Payne and Cobden Sanderson. We do not think that he praises the last-named binder's original and beautiful designs any too highly, but the excellent French school of the present century, which seems to be now in danger of extinction, should not be dismissed with half a page of lukewarm praise. Those men did not set that excessive value

upon the tooling of a cover to which we are now getting accustomed. Indeed, the best works of Trautz, Capé, Hardy, Duru and others are but little ornamented, the beauty of the work being in its shape and finish and the choice and treatment of the leather. There is not room for a great deal of invention in the decoration of a binding, and, however rich it may be, it should only aid in the general effect. Mr. Horne's work is one that all lovers of books should consult. What he has to say of the dependence of the binder's art upon that of the printer is especially worthy of note.

### "A Roadside Harp"

By Louise Imogen Guiney. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

THERE IS MUCH to admire in Miss Guiney's latest sheaf of poems, but it is the young poet's fine, courageous spirit pervading them all that makes one really enthusiastic over her work. Her inspiration is invariably drawn from such sources as are deep and full of poetic wealth, and whether she sings "The Knight Errant," inspired by Donatello's Saint George, or "Sherman," inspired by the deeds and character of that great soldier, or the minor-keyed lyric "To a Dog's Memory," the result is genuinely good. There is a happy and healthy note in all that she writes, but there is seldom anything trivial: she always has something to say that is worth the while. Of the poems which are associated with poets and their books, "A Footnote to a Famous Lyric," in praise of Lovelace's immortal song, and the lines to "W. H." (Hazlitt) are excellent; so, too, are the dozen London sonnets. The somewhat antic ballad of "Peter Rugg the Bostonian," while full of felicities, is not so successful of its kind as is "A Ballad of Kenelm," which follows it, the second being imaginative and serious, the first fanciful and playful. We should like to quote from nearly every one of the poems in this book, for there are quotable passages in all. As there is not room for that, let us, instead, copy entire one of the poems to which we have alluded, "To a Dog's Memory."

The gusty morns are here,  
When all the reeds ride low with level spear;  
And on such nights as lured us far of yore,  
Down rocky alleys yet, and thro' the pine,  
The Hound-star and the pagan Hunter shine:  
But I and thou, ah, field-fellow of mine,  
Together roam no more.

Soft showers go laden now  
With odors of the sappy orchard bough,  
And brooks begin to brawl along the march;  
The late frost steams from hollow sedges high;  
The finch is come, the flame-blue dragon fly,  
The crowslip's common gold that children spy;  
The plume upon the larch.

There is a music fills  
The oaks of Belmont and the Wayland hills  
Southward to Dewing's little bubbly stream,  
The heavenly weather's call! Oh, who alive  
Hastes not to start, delays not to arrive,  
Having free feet that never felt a gyve  
Weigh, even in a dream?

But thou, instead, hast found  
The sunless April uplands underground,  
And still, wherever thou art, I must be.  
My beautiful! arise in might and mirth,  
For we were tameless travellers from our birth;  
Arise against thy narrow door of earth,  
And keep the watch for me.

No recent volume in minor poetry has surpassed in quality Miss Guiney's "Roadside Harp," and none of her contemporaries has a stronger claim upon the appreciation of those who care for what is good in modern verse.

### Constitutional History

Select Statutes and Other Constitutional Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and Charles I. Edited by G. W. Prothero. Macmillan & Co.

THE STUDY OF HISTORY in the original authorities has now become common in American colleges, and, though the method is sometimes abused and even caricatured, it has

proved to the student both interesting and instructive. The reading of even a few documents and literary remains of a former period gives a sympathetic knowledge of the people and an intimacy with their thoughts and feelings, which cannot be obtained otherwise and is indispensable to a satisfactory view of the period in question. For these reasons we welcome the collection of "Select Statutes and Other Constitutional Documents Illustrative of the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I.," edited by G. W. Prothero, which has just appeared. It is intended, so the editor says, to fill "the gap between the 'Select Charters,' edited by the Bishop of Oxford, and Mr. S. R. Gardiner's 'Constitutional Documents of the Puritan Revolution';" and it contains four hundred and forty pages of documents, many of them abbreviated, but always in such a way as to preserve their essential characteristics. All aspects of constitutional history are presented, special prominence being given to ecclesiastical affairs, which were then of greater importance in English politics than ever before or since. The collection opens with the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity, and there is a sufficiently full exhibit of the laws and orders relating to the Papists and the Puritans and to the powers and functions of the Star Chamber and High Commission Courts. In the reign of James the conflict between the King and the Parliament begins to appear, and several of the most interesting papers in the collection relate to it. Economic questions were less prominent then than now; but we have here several statutes relating to the poor and to beggars and vagabonds, and there are also, of course, many documents concerning taxation. Mr. Prothero contributes an introduction of considerable length, in which he reviews the salient points in the constitutional history of the period, and draws attention to the most important documents; but the introduction is marked by knowledge of details rather than by depth of philosophic insight. On the whole, however, he has filled the gap that he speaks of very well.

### Waterloo

(1) Waterloo. (2) Waterloo: The Campaign and Battle. Blücher—Wellington—Napoleon. By J. Watts de Peyster.

ANOTHER AMERICAN military student has contributed his mite to the fund of Waterloo literature, in the form of two pamphlets, one (1) privately reprinted from *The College Student*, Lancaster, Pa., and the other (2) published by Chas. H. Ludwig & Co. The author, Gen. J. Watts de Peyster (M.A., LL.D., Lit.D., Brev. Maj.-Gen. N. Y.), defines these pamphlets as "no more than a rough sketch or draught of an intended work in extenso—what a *Stamm-corps* or *cadre* is to a regiment; a skeleton, to be clothed with flesh—recruits, to be moulded or disciplined into a regular organization with full ranks, handsomely uniformed and correspondingly armed and equipped." It will be seen from this example of the author's style, that clearness is not its distinguishing feature. Some of his sentences require almost as much study to be understood by the reader as do the military operations and combinations of the campaign itself. The author claims to be prepared to prove that Napoleon was a charlatan, unpossessed of an original mind, untruthful, dishonest and unjust. He calls special attention to a letter written by Marbot to Grouchy in 1830, and thus seeks to throw discredit on Marbot as an authority:—"The writer [De Peyster] has known the most remarkable instances of vital discrepancies between the statements of officers five years, and even much less, after events, and their diaries; lapses of memory which seem incredible. Marbot speaks as if he was watching like a cat every crack and corner of the district entrusted to his supervision, whereas Gardner states that 'the Prussian patrols were able to penetrate thus far [to Frischermont] without molestation, and survey the dispositions of troops (French) in the valley beyond.'" By reference to the 1892 edition of Marbot's *Memoirs*, translated by Butler, there will be found (Vol. II., p. 457) a letter written by Marbot on June 26, 1815, in which one of his fresh impressions of the battle is stated as follows:—"I was with my regiment on the right flank of the army almost throughout the battle. They assured me that Marshal Grouchy would come up at that point; and it was guarded only by my regiment with three guns and a battalion of infantry—not nearly enough." When it is further clearly stated in the 1830 letter that Marbot's small force was broken up in observation and distributed over a considerable space, with only 200 foot in the wood of Frischermont, there seems to be no great discrepancy in Marbot's statements. Even an apparent discrepancy between



Marbot and 'the honest Muffling' seems capable of adjustment. The writer's conclusions, in the light of the very evidence which he has collated and embodied in his pamphlets, give strong indications of a mind filled with prejudice. The dispassionate and impartial weighing of evidence and the calm and judicial statement of conclusions, so characteristic of another recent American work on the Waterloo campaign, are conspicuously absent.

#### Poetry and Verse

THE VERSE in Mr. Norman Gale's "Orchard Songs" is very like that in his previous volume, "A Country Muse," but, on the whole, it is less interesting. The author closes this collection with "A Defence" (written on being charged with undue frankness)—"undue frankness" refers to Mr. Gale's rather too persistent allusion to the various articles of feminine underclothing,—and while he makes some fair arguments for his side, we doubt if any reader will be convinced of the need of so much information as to Laura's laces, hose and garters. One has a hard time getting away from these things in Mr. Gale's verse, where, harmless though they be, they come to be extremely wearying to a grown-up reader. Aside from these objections there is much to commend in these "Orchard Songs." They are fresh, gay and musical. No one can question the young poet's talent, but every one must wish that it might throw off the fetters which have thus far compelled it to concern itself so constantly with bathing Lauras and peeping Toms. When Mr. Gale once realizes this fact, he may be expected to do something of more worth and surer permanence. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

OF CONTEMPORARY Italian poetry comparatively little is known in this country. The truth is, poetry-loving people in America have about all they can attend to in keeping up with the numberless productions of their own singers. That they miss something—and have been missing it for several years—is made evident by the work contained in Mr. G. A. Greene's recently published volume entitled "Italian Lyrics of To-Day," wherein is set forth, admirably translated, quite an extensive selection of lyrical poetry by thirty or more Italian poets. Only two of the names are at all familiar—Carducci and d'Annunzio, the former one of the oldest, the latter the youngest of the poets represented. The translator has been singularly fortunate in his endeavor to preserve in his work the spirit and character of the originals, as well as much of their melody of rhythm and rhyme. This he has accomplished by allowing the originals to translate themselves, so to speak, and by taking advantage of unrhymed lines whenever a rhyme would have sacrificed any of the force or meaning. His introduction gives an excellent and concise review of the present state of Italian poetry and of the various causes which brought it about. A short biographical and bibliographical sketch precedes the selections from each poet's writings. The whole volume reflects great credit upon Mr. Greene's critical taste and judgment and is a valuable contribution to the poetical literature of the day. (Macmillan & Co.)

ONE CAN always count upon something good whenever a new volume of poems appears in the Cameo Series. Recent additions to this series are "Retrospect, and Other Poems," by A. Mary F. Robinson (Mme. Darmesteter), and "The Countess Kathleen, and Various Legends and Lyrics," by Mr. W. B. Yeats. Mrs. Darmesteter's volume contains three dozen lyrics, and ten ballads and legends. The lyrics exhibit many of the same qualities that have made the poet's previous lyrical work conspicuous, but there is noticeable in them an occasional tendency to philosophize and speculate in the realms of religious thought, the result of which has been to detract somewhat from the purely romantic and imaginative quality which has heretofore been the chief charm of her verse. Still, there are many delightful lyrics here and we make room for this brief "Song," to show that not all of them are speculative and burdened with philosophy.

"The flocks that bruise the mountain grass  
Send out beneath their feet  
Such thymy fragrance as they pass  
That all the vale is sweet.  
Sometimes a stranger breathes your name,  
O friend of years ago!  
And in my heart there leaps to flame  
A long-remembered woe."

The best things in the collection—and they are really fine—are the ballads and legends. They are written with a great deal of skill and are full of animation and strength.—MR. YEATS'S VOLUME contains an Irish Drama, "The Countess Kathleen," and a number of songs and ballads dealing with legends of ancient Ireland. The drama is admirably written and thoroughly interesting, and abounds in many fine and stirring passages. Of the shorter poems we choose one called "The Peace of the Rose."

"If Michael, leader of God's host  
When Heaven and Hell are met,  
Looked down on you from Heaven's door-post,  
He would his deeds forget.

Brooding no more upon God's wars  
In his Divine homestead,  
He would go weave out of the stars  
A chaplet for your head;

And all folk seeing him bow down,  
And white stars tell your praise,  
Would come at last to God's great town,  
Led on by gentle ways;

And God would bid His warfare cease,  
Saying all things were well,  
And softly make a rosy peace,  
A peace of Heaven with Hell."

Both of these pretty books are published by Roberts Bros.—"TERESA, AND OTHER POEMS," by Mr. James Rhoades, is dedicated to the author's children. The main poem is a one-act tragedy, fairly well written, the scene being laid in Italy during the thirteenth century. The other poems include a number of lyrics, some of them charming and simple, sonnets of varying excellence, and several rondels of which the less said the better. In general the author's verse is unpretentious and readable, and his book belongs to the great body of ordinary minor verse. (Longmans, Green & Co.)

MR. J. A. GOODCHILD, whose "Lyrics" were reviewed in these columns (18 Nov. 1893), is the author of a volume entitled "Tales in Verse." These tales seem to have been written with great ease, but they are very hard to read. We imagine Mr. Goodchild to be a person of infinite modesty, for on the title-page of these "Tales" we find this:—"I judge the Author of these Poems to be one who is far more than a mere follower of my own. Tennyson." Turning the page we find him saying:—"One who has written in rhythm for more than twenty years, and has added some thirty or forty new metres to the English language, must needs, etc., etc." It would be a piece of presumption to criticize Mr. Goodchild's work: it is remarkable enough not to have been heard of until now. (London: Horace Cox.)—MR. THEODORE WRATISLAW belongs to the new school of *symbolistes* of which Paul Verlaine is the leader. The aim of every writer in this school is to say as much about nothing as will delude one into thinking it is something. Most of Mr. Wratislaw's "Caprices" are evidently the outcome of wine, women, song and insomnia. They are the stuff of which many little limited editions are made. The book bears the lyrical imprint of Gay & Bird, London.

#### Apologia pro Scriptis Suis

"On dolt des égards aux vivants."—VOLTAIRE  
(Longman's Magazine)

"WHAT is it, then,"—some reader asks,  
"What is it that attaches  
Your fancy so to fans and masks,—  
To periwigs and patches?"

"Is Human Life to-day so poor,—  
So bloodless,—you disdain it,  
To 'galvanize' the Past once more?"  
—Permit me. I'll explain it.

This Age, I grant (and grant with pride),  
Is varied, rich, eventful;  
But, if you touch its weaker side,  
Is prone to be resentful.

Belaud it, and it takes your praise  
With air of calm conviction;  
Condemn it, and at once you raise  
A storm of contradiction.

Whereas with these old Shades of mine,  
Their ways and dress delight me;  
And should I trip by word or line,  
They cannot well indict me.

Not that I mean them harm. I seek  
To steer 'twixt blame and blindness;  
I strive (as some one said in Greek)  
To speak the truth with kindness:

But, should I fail to render clear  
Their title, rank, or station,  
I still may sleep secure, nor fear  
A suit for defamation.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

### Mr. Gladstone's Version of Horace

THE FIVE TRANSLATIONS from Horace which Mr. Gladstone has contributed to the May *Nineteenth Century* will be read with interest for their author's sake. One likes to imagine the aged and illustrious statesman employing his leisure hours in so graceful and scholarly a fashion. Nor are the translations themselves devoid of merit. If Mr. Gladstone has not always caught the fine illusive charm of the original, he has at least pursued it far. One could have wished, indeed, that a different selection had been made. Two out of the five odes here given illustrate that want of chivalry which Arthur Schopenhauer noted and praised in the classical writers, but which repels the majority of modern readers. Only the first of the five, indeed ("Vitas hinculeo me similis, Chloe"), can properly be described as a general favorite with lovers of Horace. By-the-by, the proof-reader has allowed an error to escape him in the second stanza of this ode; "tremble heart" should be "*trembles heart*"; so in the fourth stanza of the "Audivere, Lyce" we have "Cean purples" for *Coan*.

English translators of Horace fall commonly into one of two errors. Either they are impressed by his firmness of touch, and so "toiling for brevity, they grow obscure"; or else, admiring the poet's ease of manner, they dilute and adulterate his language. The ideal translator of Horace will know instinctively just where to vary or expand a phrase and where to preserve the strictest literalness; he will ask himself, If Horace were writing in English, how would he express this or that thought? Mr. Gladstone belongs to the former of the two classes of translators, to those who do not perceive that the nature of the English language will rarely allow of our imitating with success the terseness, the compactness, of the Horatian style. He sometimes fails in making the sense of a passage clear to the unlearned reader.

"For flesh and blood will bear no more the strain,  
Nor soak in floods of rain,"

does not convey the full meaning of the original, since it omits all mention of Lyce's door-sill, on which the poet feigns to be lying.

"After Cinara, thou wert great,  
Form and charm,"

is both clumsy and obscure. In the same ode

"Cupid lags; hath *work to do*  
With young Chia's blooming cheeks,"

is an unsatisfactory rendering; nor does

"Gray and worn facsimile"

correspond to any phrase of Horace's. It is a pleasure to transcribe another stanza from this ode, in which the translator is seen at his best:—

"Beauty, color, gesture's grace,  
All are gone. Not this the face,  
Not the passion-breather, she  
Once that stole myself from me."

One is curious to know what Mr. Gladstone has made of the religious and patriotic odes.

### An American Monument to Keats

[The London Times, May 24]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES:—

SIR,—As the centenary of the birth of John Keats approaches, it will doubtless be of importance to a wide circle of lovers of English poetry to be informed of any steps which it may be intended to take in the direction of honoring so beloved a memory. I beg your permission, therefore, to give publicity to an interesting proposal, the details of which have hitherto been carefully kept secret. The American Committee, which has been engaged for some five years past in preparing for an English memorial of Keats, has done me the honor to communicate to me its intentions, and has asked me to make them known in this country.

The movement is due to the piety of Mr. F. Holland Day of Norwood, Massachusetts, who is a great Keats enthusiast. As early as 1889, Mr. Day began to suggest to certain men-of-letters and artists in America that a monument to the poet should be presented by the United States to England. He consulted Mr. Lowell in particular, and received the warmest encouragement from him. There is no doubt, indeed, that, if the life of Mr. Lowell had been prolonged, he would to-day be found at the head of this generous movement. Among those, however, who, on the failure of Mr. Lowell's health, continued to urge forward the execution of the scheme, were Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, the late Dr. T. W. Parsons, and, indeed, most of those who are now prominent in American poetical literature. In 1891 Mr. Day took practical steps to collect subscriptions and to obtain a work of art. Instead of applying to the general public, private invitations were sent to the writers, artists and amateurs of America, about 100 of whom have now responded.

Care has been taken to make the movement a confidential one, and even in America it has hitherto been "kept out of the papers."

The work is now accomplished, or almost ready for accomplishment. Mr. Day has arrived in this country with a marble bust of Keats, which, through the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. Mr. Burnaby, will shortly be unveiled in the parish church at Hampstead. It now merely awaits the carrying out of the accepted design for a bracket, upon which the advice of Mr. E. Onslow Ford, A.R.A., was desired. Lovers of Keats—and this is but a synonym for lovers of poetry—will presently receive a formal announcement of the date when the little ceremony of presenting and accepting the bust will be performed at Hampstead.

So far I obey the duty which has been laid upon me by our American friends. Will you permit me to add one word for ourselves? Surely, while we accept this gracious gift from our Transatlantic kinsfolk, we shall not be able to do so without some sense of shame at our own negligence in rites so appropriate and seemly. How long are we to be contented to accept from others monuments to those men of genius who are, after all, not theirs, but ours? In a few months a hundred years will have passed since the birth of one of the most illustrious and original of the long line of English poets, yet if there is any scheme on foot for the celebration of that event by Englishmen on English soil, I have not been fortunate enough to hear of it. There is no other country in the world that could have produced a Keats a hundred years ago, and yet could still point out no public monument to his memory. It is fortunate that America, at least, is sensitive about those national glories to which we seem perfectly indifferent.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

EDMUND GOSSE.

29, Delamere-terrace, London, W., May 24.

### The Lounger

THE MILWAUKEE *Evening Wisconsin* apparently favors the movement for female suffrage. I quote from its issue of May 25:—"The Critic seems to be serious when it declares its intention of presenting to the Postmaster General a petition that the word 'Mail' be stricken from the letter-boxes throughout the country, and calls upon all in sympathy with it to send in their names and addresses. 'Mail' is short, and its descent to its present use is as clearly traceable as that of any other word whose significance has undergone an evolution. The Critic might engage in better business than fighting windmills." In view of this unexpected opposition to my proposal, I have decided to withhold my petition. I do this with some reluctance, as I had already obtained a signature to it—that of a clergyman who didn't take it as seriously as it is taken in Milwaukee.

A CROSS-REFERENCE in "The Century Dictionary" (p. 4908): "To pop the question." See *pop*."

MISS AGNES REPPLIER, who is doing as much as anyone nowadays to maintain whatever reputation Philadelphia may have as a literary centre, sailed for Europe early in May with the intention of remaining abroad for about a year. She is now in Brittany, but will spend the greater part of June in London, after which she goes to Germany, Holland and Belgium for the rest of the summer. She has planned to go to Spain early in the fall, and from there will go to Turkey and Greece; and next winter she proposes visiting Egypt, India, China and Japan. These wanderings may be expected to furnish the material for various articles and essays, which will probably be closely enough related to each other to form the substance of a book. The essayist's many admirers will be impatient to see what she has to say on themes that would seem hackneyed if treated by a less incisive pen. Of Miss Repplier (whose portrait will be found among our magazine notices this week), the *Philadelphia Record* says:—"She is one of the most delightful story-tellers and entertainers of Philadelphia's host of witty clubwomen. She is about to go abroad, but her fame has crossed the sea long ahead of her, such severe critics as Augustine Birrell having praised her highly."

M. ZOLA'S CAREER has certainly taught the advantages of untiring patience. He has been a "plodder" from the first, heedless of criticism, adverse influences and hostility; and he has succeeded. I wonder whether the same virtue will stand him in as good stead in his struggle for the sweets of immortality as they are tasted by the French Academicians. On Thursday of last week he was again a candidate—for the sixth or seventh time,—for either one of the two *fauteuils* left untenanted by the deaths of Maxime du Camp and Henri Taine. He did not receive a single vote, but will turn up, I am sure, with the same unemotional perseverance, and present himself once more as a candidate when the next vacancy occurs. Of his two successful rivals, only one is really well known among us. M. Albert Sorel, the other, was born at



Honfleur in 1842, and is the author of several excellent and reliable, but in no way brilliant, historical works, among them being "L'Europe et la Révolution Française," "La Question d'Orient au XVIIIe. Siècle," "Madame de Stael" and "Montesquieu." Of M. Paul Bourget, who has left us after an eight months' visit, a delighted and interested friend, it is almost superfluous to speak. Still, the book by which he is most widely known in this country is far from being his best. "Cosmopolis" is brilliant, if you will, but, as a work of art it is far inferior to "Le Disciple" or "Mensonges." I am very anxious, by the way, to see the book he is going to write about us. The Americans in "Cosmopolis" were, after all, very indistinct personages, one of them being, moreover, of mixed blood. French literature has stereotyped characteristics for the English "Milord" and the American millionaire—of course, all Americans are millionaires,—and M. Bourget was unable, little as he knew us then, to emancipate himself entirely from these property pieces while writing "Cosmopolis." But now he knows us better, and I hope that he has grown as fond



of us as he is of the English. The portrait presented herewith was taken during the latter part of last year, shortly after M. Bourget's arrival on these shores. I reproduce it from the *Times*.

"IT MAY INTEREST the Lounger," writes C. H. C., of Springdale, Conn., "to know that one place that interested Mr. Bishop (the 'abandoned farm' Nimrod), situated two miles west of New Canaan, Conn., and overlooking a lovely valley with 'Horseneck Church,' at Greenwich, in the distance, was sold last week to a Brooklyn lawyer. Mr. Bishop walked all about this place and was evidently pleased with its old elms, maples and willows, and its half-mile frontage on a large, rolling stream. He sketched the house in his note-book. The place was bought at a ridiculously low figure, and the owner proposes selling off two or three pretty sites at 'free-trade' prices to attract a few congenial neighbors."

"MR. GEORGE F. PARKER's article on 'Intellectual Progress in the United States,' in *The Nineteenth Century* for May," writes E. J. H., "belongs to a class of apologetic writings which was already too large. Perhaps it was just as well that in writing for an English magazine Mr. Parker should have placed our past achievements and present condition in as favorable a light as possible; and in regard to our literary development he would have been justified in making his eulogy still stronger. But this is the sort of thing that makes the judicious grieve:—We have not contributed much of permanence to the drama of the world; but how many enduring plays have been written in any language during the past fifty years? 'Sculpture for public purposes is nowhere greatly above contempt, but our parks and streets are not, perhaps, subjected to more discredit in this way than those of the newer cities of the old world.' The paltry plea of 'confession and avoidance' is one that has long become stale in discussions of this character. Again, how futile it is to attempt to denote our progress in the matter of popular education by counting our common schools and computing the average daily attendance of the pupils! In matters of this kind, if anywhere, 'le chiffre, c'est un mensonge.' There

are districts at the South where something like half the adult population is illiterate. The real question is, What is the quality of the instruction furnished in these 220,000 schools?"

"LET US cease to hug our illusions," my correspondent continues; "let us lay aside our false patriotism, and look the facts in the face. To go no further than the rudiments, what sort of English do our people speak and write? Is it not notorious that solecisms of the worst description abound in our speech? On the street, in the cars, one constantly hears such expressions as 'rarely ever,' 'equally as good,' 'look at here,' 'I don't know as,' 'she was laying down,' to say nothing of the perpetual misapplication of *will* and *shall*, *would* and *should*. So as to spelling. In the course of the past twenty years I have received many thousands of letters, from all parts of the United States, and from people in every rank of life. The spelling in a large proportion of these letters might have put Josh Billings or Artemus Ward to the blush. As to history, the test is easily made: for the average American the world began in 1492. Of the historical development of other countries than his own, he has but the vaguest idea. Even in metropolitan journals I have seen it stated that the English theory of government is paternal, and that the saying, 'The king can do no wrong'—that convenient fiction which is associated with the principle of ministerial responsibility—is the watchword of absolutism and of monarchy by divine right. In truth, we need a Matthew Arnold to expose the deficiencies of our popular education. Mr. Parker's pen would have been better employed in advocating an efficient State inspection of our public schools."

I FIND THIS NOTE in a daily paper:—"Mr. Moody receives a royalty of 20 per cent. from the publishers of 'Gospel Hymns,' and since the first publication of the collection this royalty amounts to \$1,250,000." If this be true, it eclipses any author's profit from the sale of a book—even the three-quarters of a million, or so, paid to the family of Gen. Grant on account of the sale of the "Memoirs" after the writer's death. Since this paragraph was written, Mr. William E. Dodge has denied, in the *Tribune*, that either Mr. Moody or Mr. Sankey "has ever received a cent from this royalty. They have refused to accept any part of it. At first it was placed in the hands of Trustees, who distributed it to religious and charitable enterprises according to their judgment. Afterwards, at the urgent request of these Trustees, the moderate amount of royalty has been turned over to the Trustees of the Northfield and Mount Hermon seminaries."

## The Fine Arts

### John Trumbull's Portrait Sketches

(SECOND NOTICE)

COL. JOHN TRUMBULL of the Revolution seems to us a very distant figure. We think of him as aide-de-camp to Washington, and place him with Washington in the last century. Some of us realize, however, that he lived well into the present century. Col. Andrew Warner, for instance, the venerable Secretary of the New York Historical Society, drew the papers for his pension as a veteran of the Revolutionary War about 1832, and remembers him well. As a painter, Trumbull had his critics, even after his studies in Europe under Benjamin West, and his elevation, in 1808, to the proud position of chief in the American Academy of Fine Arts of New York, the first art institution of North America, and predecessor of the National Academy. In 1819 Joseph Rodman Drake apostrophized him in *The Evening Post*:—

"Go on, great painter! dare be dull;  
No longer after nature dangle;  
Call rectilinear beautiful,  
Find grace and freedom in an angle;  
Pour on the red—the green—the yellow  
Paint 'till a horse may mire upon it,  
And while I've strength to write or bellow  
I'll sound your praises in a sonnet."

But as a portrait-maker Trumbull had undoubted talent, although he had neither the early training nor the leisure to ground himself in the difficult art of oil-painting. In miniature work, as we see from the collection at Yale, he had far more success. It may be recalled that Yale owes her Trumbull pictures to an arrangement made with him, whereby he was to receive a thousand dollars a year for life, and, in return, was to leave his collection to the College.

Trumbull, born at Lebanon, Conn., in 1756, died in New York as late as 1843. It was in 1828 that he had a famous newspaper war with Samuel F. B. Morse, over the newly formed National Academy of Design, which had completely taken the wind out of the sails of the American Academy. About 1834 he was in Washington, where he finished certain big canvases for the nation, and when he left the Capitol to return to New York, he placed in the hands of a Col.

Moshier a number of pen-and-ink sketches and portraits on vellum, parchment and coarse white paper, which constituted his documents for the portraiture of men of the Revolution. It is supposed that they were held by Moshier as collateral for money lent. This collection, which passed by descent to a Mr. John Allen of Virginia, is now in the hands of an agent, who has placed it for sale with Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., as mentioned in *The Critic's* first notice of the collection. According to Mr. Allen, these curious documents of the first years of the Revolution were left in Col. Moshier's hands in 1824, when Trumbull finished his work at Washington. There are 130 of them, and they are for the most part framed alike, as if done at one and the same time. Dingy wood frames, which seem to have been made for small chamber mirrors, must have been bought by some one to the number of at least one hundred, and the sketches placed in them, as no professional framer could have done the work. Leaves of old journals and scientific books were used to back them, so as to exclude the dust. Many of the journals are of 1823. The style of these sketches is that of Trumbull, but much harsher, ruder, more awkward than his later drawings. Almost all are signed J. T., and a vast majority are dated 1776. Here a difficulty comes in. The year 1776 was that in which Trumbull had a responsible position in the ill-starred campaign against Canada, and was separated from many of the men and women whom he has sketched, and upon whose little portraits he has put his initials and the date in question. The inference, therefore, is that in 1823 or 1824 Trumbull was in need of money. To obtain it, he must have overhauled his portfolios, and himself have placed in frames the sketches he had made at various times for the historical portraits in various pictures, but more particularly for his pictures of battles of the Revolution. He was a very diligent man, and in the later years of the Revolution, as well as afterwards, took likenesses of scores of people for these large compositions. He framed these sketches for a purpose, and therefore signed and dated the greater part of them then and there. It would not be natural for an artist to put date and initials to each sketch as he makes it. We cannot suppose that Trumbull did so in these instances, but we can readily understand why he went over the lot in 1824, and put such general dates to them as he thought fit. Doubtless, a great many of the sketches dated 1776 belong to any one of the years 1775, 1777, 1778 and 1779. He could not remember to which date each belonged, and solved the question by using 1776 as a sort of standard date, which represented his amateur years as an artist, before he went to London to study seriously.

There can be no two opinions concerning the great value of this collection. Faults of perspective there are, and faults of composition. There is tiresome copperplate composition and ignorant amateur composition. There is harsh, wooden drawing and feeble, finiken drawing. But many of the standing figures are notably honest, straightforward and truthful, giving the man or woman without a trace of flattery. Such is the standing portrait of Roger Sherman. One is often inclined to believe that the early date, 1776, has been placed on a good many of these out of a kind of vanity, the artist recognizing their amateurishness and wishing to claim the excuse of youth. For in 1776 Trumbull was a lad of 20, a graduate of college, it is true, and something of a scholar, but an utter amateur in art, who had only seen some pictures by Copley in Boston.

The collection should by all means find a place in the New York Historical or the Lenox Library; New Yorkers should not allow Boston, Philadelphia or New Haven to carry off the prize. Here are extremely valuable documents for painters and sculptors, ay, and historians, also—for all who have to paint, model or describe the men of the Revolution. Trumbull never overcame his lack of early training sufficiently to become a great artist; yet these direct, rather clumsy, but painstaking, little portraits, on deerskin, on vellum, on pieces of drumheads, on the insides of blank-book covers, are of the highest value as records. New York should own them, even if they were not by a noted soldier of the Revolution and a figure famous in the annals of American art. They are priceless documents, and they are by a citizen who passed the greater part of his life in New York.

#### The Gothic in Architecture

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:—

The writer in the June *Atlantic* of the review of Mr. Van Brunt's "Greek Lines" seems to have been as much pleased with the book as every one must be who reads it; but he has made an unnecessary apology for the author. I have no doubt that Mr. Van Brunt spoke deliberately of "the strong Gothic of the Cistercian abbeys." Is it owing to a slip of the pen that the reviewer seems unaware of the fact that many writers include both the round-arched, more commonly called Romanesque, and the pointed-arched styles under the general name Gothic? No less an authority than Mr. Fergusson uses that classification of the mediæval styles in his *History of Architecture*. There are many who agree with him that "the term

Gothic, as applied to all the styles invented and used by the western Barbarians who overthrew the Roman Empire and settled within its limits, is a true and expressive term, both ethnographically and architecturally."

A. A. WOOD.

ART DEPARTMENT, WELLS COLLEGE, AURORA, N. Y.,

30 May, 1894.

[Many writers have applied "Gothic" to round-arched as well as pointed styles, but not in our day and generation, unless they are pretty ignorant and unused to modern terminology. Fergusson is out of date in this, and many other respects: he is the great popular writer, but scholars don't think very much of him. One thing they now insist upon is that this distinction should always be drawn—otherwise nothing can be made clear about two forms of art which are radically dissimilar. They are never both included in "Gothic" in French writing, and never in English except by the ignorant or careless. The term Gothic should denote only the pointed styles. It is the only word we have for these, unfortunately; but Romanesque has been established for the others for at least fifty years, and it is a pity that certain English writers still confuse them, or did until a few years ago. No architect would do so today, except by a slip of the pen. We do not believe Mr. Van Brunt himself would defend this slip of his, which is quite against his usual practice.—EDS. CRITIC.]

#### The Greeley Statue

THE STATUE of Horace Greeley, which has just been unveiled at the junction of Broadway and Sixth Avenue, represents him seated, the head bent slightly forward as though in thought. One



HORACE GREELEY (From the Tribune)

hand, dropped on his knee, holds his spectacles; the other, holding a newspaper, is allowed to fall over the arm of his chair. The attitude is well chosen and the sculptor, Mr. Boyle, has been so far successful in rendering the features as to give a fairly good likeness. He has fought a good fight with the modern coat and trousers, and if he has been defeated, he can claim to be so in good company. Still, the work is not up to that standard to which we desire to see our public statuary attain.

#### Art Notes

THE HEINE Monument Committee, of which Mr. Carl Schurz is President, has secured from Ernst Herter, the German sculptor, the Loreley Fountain originally intended for Düsseldorf, Heine's birthplace, which has refused to accept it. It is proposed to offer this Heine memorial to the City of New York, and the Committee appeals to all admirers of the poet for financial aid. The total cost of the purchase, transportation and erection of this monument will amount to \$35,000. Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer of the Committee, Mr. S. P. Mendell, 33 Spruce Street, this city.

—The Royal Academicians, who took a step forward in admitting Mr. Sargent to their ranks, have taken a step in the opposite direction by making room for Mr. Val Prinsep.



## The June Magazines

### "The Atlantic Monthly"

Mrs. Margaret Deland's "Philip and his Wife" is continued in the June *Atlantic*, which contains three papers of travel: "A Trip in the Scillies," by Dr. J. William White of Philadelphia; the conclusion of Mr. J. Irving Manatt's "Behind Hymettus"; and "Ingonish, by Land and Sea," by the late Frank Bolles. Mr. Stoddard Dewey writes of "The End of Tortoni's," the famous Parisian café; Mrs. Elizabeth Cavazza gives an account of the marionette theatre of Sicily in "At the Opra di li Pupi"; Dr. Albert Shaw describes "Hamburg's New Sanitary Impulse"; Mr. Henry J. Fletcher writes of "American Railways and American Cities"; Mr. M. V. O'Shea discusses "The Scope of the Normal School"; and Sir Edward Strachey's subject is "Some Letters and Conversations of Thomas Carlyle." "The Nooning Tree" is a graphic story by Kate Douglas Wiggin. "The Grave-Digger," a poem, by Mr. Bliss Carman, appears also in this number. A reminiscence of the Kearsarge, the decline of the amateur, and natural resources in landscape-gardening are among the subjects considered in The Contributors' Club.

### THE WILL OF THE MAJORITY

The following is a fragment from one of Sir Edward Strachey's conversations with Carlyle:—

"E. S. Was it not strange that such plain, practical men as the Americans should have adopted the Rousseau theory as the foundation of their Constitution?—T. C. They just wanted to express their feeling that they had a right to freedom; and they were determined, as all our colonies have been, that they would not be taxed without their own consent. But when you come to put down a theory about freedom, you find that your words are just nonsense; there is no meaning in them. People seem to think that the great thing is to have a vote for a member of Parliament; but I do not myself feel that this is essential to my freedom, or enough to make me free to have the five hundredth part of a whole goose talking nonsense in the House of Commons. I want something else, although I cannot define what it is. I think the principle of government must be *carrière aux talents*, but the difficulty is to find out the proper men of talent. Yet if there were not some real men in public, but above all in private life; if there were none but your Peels, shams, things would break up altogether, and we should have the French Revolution over and over again, till the whole world was in ashes.—E. S. Does not our Constitution provide better than any other for bringing forward the ablest men?—T. C. I don't know. Look at Robert Burns, a man fit for anything (for his poetry was but an accident, just when he found opportunity for it), and at a time when, of all others, we wanted men, and he spent his life gauging beer casks. Look at Sir Robert Peel, the head of the country, and Dr. Johnson living on fourpence a day. Our representative system is useful as showing how much the people will submit to, and what a wise governor may do without bloodshed; but the will of the majority is usually, if not always, in the wrong for the first fifty years. When they cried out, 'Crucify him! Crucify him!' that was the will of the majority; when the most frightful crime ever committed, the most lamentable mistake ever made, was enacting, it was by the will of the great majority of all classes. I must wish you good-night; I will soon call on you again."

### THE Opra di li Pupi

Mrs. Cavazza thus describes the performance of a Sicilian marionette drama:—

"The marionettes enter with a portentous stride, so much to the taste of the public that in some theatres a personage who should appear without this conventional gait would be reproved by shouts of 'Il passu!' (the step), and must retreat into the wings to make his entrance all over again. But the paladins of Don Achille did their duty. Not one failed of the noble strut, the pirouette in the centre of the stage, the salute to the audience, and the provisional jiggle upon his wires, before he subsided into quiescence, and the next man of war took the stage. \* \* \* The march became more fervid as Charlemagne entered, exchanged compliments with his lords, and embraced at a right angle his nephews, the valorous Rinaldo and Orlando, not less worthy. The dialogue was stately, with occasional lapses into the vernacular. Whoever spoke moved incessantly; the others stood still. The voices—all from the mouth of Don Achille himself, who, with assistants, was pulling wires behind the scenes—were amazingly well differentiated. \* \* \* Don Achille's boy wreaked himself upon the crank of the organ and clashed the cymbals, while the knights, one by one, after an obeisance, a twirl, and half a dozen strides, made their exit."

### NATURE IN LANDSCAPE-GARDENING

"I long to have some one, some one with such learning and au-

thority as I cannot pretend to, to take up the theme of \* \* \* natural resources in landscape-gardening," says a writer in the Contributors' Club.

"But we have only to look at the pleasure grounds of the rich," he continues, "from Newport to Oconomowoc, to see that the notion that Nature anywhere knows what she is about is quite foreign to the popular creed in gardening. Nobody could oppose the creation of lawns and flower beds; they assuredly have a right to a place in the scheme of things; but why presume that lawns, flower beds, and the like are the only possibilities for beautiful 'grounds'? All too often nothing else seems possible, or at least nothing else is so easy to achieve. But when Nature has lavished herself on some rare spot; when, as on so much of our northern Atlantic coast, she has brought together a host of lovely things, roses, spiræa, iris, bay, clethra, morning-glories, and has put in nothing that is not lovely, why should the rich man have but one notion of his opportunities—that, after carefully buying the most charming spot he can find, it is his duty to sweep all these exquisite growths into a bonfire, and, starting from the bare ground, create a lawn and plant evergreens? If he must do that, why—I ask it with bitter passion,—why is he not content to choose some ugly spot for his work, one of the many places that even his crudest methods would improve?"

### "Harper's Monthly"

THE JUNE number of *Harper's* opens with an article on Philadelphia, "The City of Homes," by Charles Belmont Davis; Mr. Howells contributes the second part of "My First Visit to New England"; M. de Blowitz discusses "French Diplomacy under the Third Republic," accidentally and incidentally revealing once more the important part he has played in the making of contemporary history; Mr. Alfred Parsons writes of "The Japanese Spring," illustrating his own article; and George W. Smalley chronicles some "Memories of Wendell Phillips." There are four short stories—"In Search of Local Color," a new Vignette of Manhattan, by Brander Matthews; "A Waitress," the last story of the late Constance Fenimore Cooper; "Little Big Horn Medicine," by Owen Wister; and "God's Ravens," by Hamlin Garland. Mr. Richard Harding Davis sketches "Our Suburban Friends," their peculiarities and the advantages and disadvantages of their life. "Tribby" is nearly completed in an instalment crowded with brilliant illustrations; and James Lane Allen continues the story of "A Kentucky Cardinal." The poems are "An Engraving after Murillo," by Marjorie Wilcox; and "Decoration Day," by Richard Burton. Charles Dudley Warner talks in the Editor's Study of portraiture in fiction and the delights of Bermuda. The eighty-five illustrations are by Alice Barber Stevens, F. V. Du Mond, Max F. Klepper, Benjamin Constant, W. T. Smedley, Harry Fenn, Henry Sandham, W. H. Hyde, Charles H. Stephens, Alfred Parsons, George Du Maurier, Frederic Remington, A. B. Frost, Frank O. Small and Peter S. Newell.

### LOWELL IN 1860

In the second instalment of his description of his first journey to New England, Mr. Howells records his feelings on his first meeting with Lowell:—

"I knew," he says, "and felt his greatness somehow apart from the literary proofs of it; he ruled my fancy and held my allegiance as a character, as a man; and I am neither sorry nor ashamed that I was abashed when I first came into his presence; and that in spite of his words of welcome I sat inwardly quaking before him. He was then forty-one years old, and nineteen my senior, and if there had been nothing else to awe me, I might well have been quelled by the disparity of our ages. But I have always been willing and even eager to do homage to men who have done something \* \* \*; and I had before Lowell some such feeling as an obscure subaltern might have before his general. He was by nature a bit of a disciplinarian, and the effect was from him as well as in me; I dare say he let me feel whatever difference there was, as helplessly as I felt it. At the first encounter with people he always was apt to have a certain frosty shyness, a smiling cold, as from the long, high-sunmed winters of his Puritan race; he was not quite himself till he had made you aware of his quality; then no one could be sweeter, tenderer, warmer than he; then he made you free of his whole heart; but you must be his captive before he could do that. His whole personality had now an instant charm for me; I could not keep my eyes from those beautiful eyes of his, which had a certain starry serenity, and looked out so purely from under his white forehead, shadowed by auburn hair untouched with age; or from the smile that shaped the auburn beard, and gave the face in its form and color the Christ-like which Page's portrait has flattered in it."

## PHILADELPHIA AND LITERATURE

Mr. Charles Belmont Davis devotes considerable space to the literary men and women of Philadelphia, their clubs and coterie, in his article on "The City of Homes."

"In its regard for literature," he says, "and for those of the literary world, Philadelphia has been rather fickle. Fifty years ago it was the literary centre of this country. Thirty years later, when the late Mr. George H. Boker discussed the possibility of his bringing out a book of poems, a number of his friends tried to dissuade him from his purpose, giving as a reason that it would injure his social position. Ten years ago Mr. George Parsons Lathrop, in writing of Philadelphia, said, 'The lighter enjoyments only are sought, and conversation runs principally on personal matters, parties, dress and the theatre, with hardly a tinge of current reading.' More recently Miss Agnes Repplier paid a visit to Boston,



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AGNES REPLIER

where she received the courtesy to which her work had entitled her. A Boston woman, who had entertained the Philadelphia writer, was a guest a few weeks later at a luncheon given in the Quaker City. In an endeavor to please her Philadelphia friends, the Boston woman spoke of Miss Repplier's great success, but the twelve women at the luncheon had never heard of their distinguished townswoman. But now all that is changed, and the Quaker City is charged with literary ozone. Any twelve women could now discuss Miss Repplier intelligently, and Mr. Lathrop could no longer accuse the Philadelphians of ignoring intellectual topics in their casual conversations. Whether this literary wave which has swept over the city arose from the sudden and unmistakable talent shown by several members of the younger generation, or whether this coterie of clever writers was simply tossed into notice by the wave, it would be difficult to say."

## WENDELL PHILLIPS'S ELOQUENCE

Mr. George W. Smalley gives his personal recollections of the Boston riots of 1860, and of the period succeeding it, when the city came round to Phillips's way of regarding slavery. Having described the turbulent scenes at the discourses in Music Hall, Mr. Smalley says:—

"There came at last the Sunday which followed Fort Sumter, when he had to decide what attitude he would take to the war for that Union which all his life he had assailed. He had preached Disunion all the winter in terms, and it was no light matter to recall or recant his doctrine. True, the Union now meant Freedom and not Slavery, and the North had all at once flung off its chains, but Phillips had never been a man to follow because others showed

the way. The audience which assembled in the Music Hall on the morning of Sunday, April 21, 1861, found the platform and desk and walls and galleries hung with the American flag. It was Charles Follen who had conceived this idea, and Phillips, on being asked whether he objected, answered:—'As many flags as you like. I am going to speak for the flag.' The papers announced that he was to retract his opinions. 'No, not one of them,' said Phillips in almost his first sentence. 'I need them all, every word I have spoken this winter, every act of twenty-five years of my life, to make the welcome I give this war hearty and hot. Civil war is a momentous evil. It needs the soundest, the most solemn justification. I rejoice before God to-day for every word I have spoken counselling peace. But I rejoice more profoundly still that now, for the first time in my antislavery life, I speak beneath the Stars and Stripes, and welcome the tread of Massachusetts men marshalled for war.' It was Sunday morning, but the vast audience rose to their feet and cheered long. \* \* \* Phillips, the most hated man in the State, became the idol of the hour. \* \* \* It was a scene possible only in such a crisis, at the first great uprising of a great people, in the presence of an orator capable of expressing in words of unmatched eloquence the feeling which burned in every heart."

## THE WAYS OF THE COMMUTER

The pleasures and drawbacks of country-life are sketched by Mr. Davis in his account of a visit to suburban friends. He describes the trip out as follows:—

"So you wait at your office until it is time to take the train, and meet Ted at Thirty-fourth Street. He gives you a ferry ticket and an afternoon paper, and reads another himself until you reach Long Island City, when he takes your baggage and hurries you into a chair car, where he knows every one and every one knows him, and even the conductor calls him by name, until you begin to feel like an intruder. Ted tries to put you more at ease by telling you, with some awe, who the different people are as they come in, describing them as 'The president of our improvement society,' or, 'The champion player in our tennis club; he and that man in the second seat won the doubles last summer.' The other passengers call across the car to one another, and say, 'I didn't see you on the 8.20 this morning,' or, 'Your wife asked me if I met you in town to tell you not to forget the salted almonds,' or, 'Has anybody seen my sister? She came in to the matinee to-day on the 11.30, and I was to have met her at the ferry, but I only got there just in time to jump on the boat.' Then some one suggests that she is possibly in the forward car, and another man asks the conductor what made the nine-o'clock express late that morning; and then all the gentlemen take out their watches and compare them with the one the conductor carries, and he treats them with officious condescension. Not being a commuter, you feel as though you had forced yourself into a private car, and clutch your ticket closely to reassure yourself that you have at least a legal right on the premises."

## "The Century Magazine"

The frontispiece of this number is a portrait of Louis Kossuth in 1851, which is accompanied by a record, by Mr. W. J. Stillman, of his experiences "On a Mission for Kossuth." Messrs. Allen and Sachtleben devote the June instalment of their "Across Asia on a Bicycle" to a description of "The Ascent of Mount Ararat"; Antonia and W. K. L. Dickson give an account of "Edison's Invention of the Kinetograph"; and Mr. Brander Matthews discusses "Bookbindings of the Present." Mr. Will H. Low writes of Maurice Boutet de Monvel, who is a notable painter as well as a witty illustrator; Mr. Cole contributes an engraving of Adriaan van Ostade's "Fish Market"; Mr. Charles H. Davis's "One Summer Evening" is the new addition to the American Artist Series; and Mr. Theodore Stanton describes "Tissot's Illustrations of the Gospel." Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson" is completed in this number, which contains, also, the concluding part of Mr. Thomas A. Janvier's "Loan of Half-Orphans," and the beginning of a new novelette, "A Cumberland Vendetta," by Mr. John Fox, Jr. Two short stories, "The Magic Egg," by Mr. Frank R. Stockton, and "The Loosened Chord," by Mr. Alexander W. Drake, complete the fiction. Mr. John Burroughs has a series of "Field-Notes," and Prof. Boyesen gives a vivid sketch of the terrible mother of Tourguéneff. There are poems by Frank Dempster Sherman, Sara King Wiley, Ellen Knight Bradford, W. P. Foster, Edith M. Thomas and Edmund Clarence Stedman. Eleven ex-Ministers of the United States have written a symposium on "The Consular Service and the Spoils System," ten of them being strongly in favor of a radical change in the direction of the merit system. The eleventh, the Hon. T. W. Palmer, on the other hand, thinks that the present system has worked very well; Dr. Albert Shaw, well known through similar papers on Paris, London, Glasgow and other



European cities, deals with "The Municipal Framework of German Cities"; and other topics of public interest discussed are "Bosses," "Hard Times and Business Methods," "The Reform of Secondary Education," "Military Drill in the Schools" (a reply, by Benjamin F. Trueblood, to ex-President Harrison), and "An Honest Election Machine." There is, also, an editorial, advocating reform of the Consular Service. The illustrations are by Louis Loeb, Eric Pape, G. Wright, Irving R. Wiles, Francis Day, Malcolm Fraser, Harry Fenn, W. H. Funk, F. C. Martin, E. J. Meeker, James Tissot and Will H. Low. "En Route," a sketch by M. S. Woodbury, and "What Not to Do," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are in lighter vein.

#### "ON A MISSION FOR KOSSUTH"

Mr. W. J. Stillman, the art-critic, describes a mission on which he was sent by Kossuth in 1851, while the latter was in this country. "Being in the plastic state of early manhood," he says, "eager for adventure and ignorant of danger, I offered myself for the cause of Hungary, having nothing else to give."

"It was finally determined," he continues, "that I should undertake an expedition to Hungary. The object, I was told, was the rescue of the Hungarian crown-jewels, hidden at some point down the Danube before the flight of the dictator and his ministry into Turkey. I was to visit Vienna on the way, and Kossuth gave me the names of three persons in that city with whom I might communicate, requesting that the one who seemed to me the most apt for the purpose should go to London, and put himself in communication with Kossuth. On the way, as soon as I entered Austria, I was to study the public feeling as I saw it manifested, and report to him, from city to city, how far I judged it to be ripe for a movement. I was ordered to go in a roundabout way, so as not to seem to have come directly from London to Vienna, so I went from Paris to Brussels, then to Dusseldorf, Berlin, Dresden and Prague, and thence to Vienna. To steady my nerves in Vienna, Kossuth had told me of a conspirator who had been arrested on suspicion. This particular person, having really a most important position in the conspiracy, and not knowing why he was arrested, naturally believed that he had been betrayed, and to avoid being driven to disclosures under torture, adopted the only means offered him of committing suicide, by wrapping his bed-clothes around him, and setting fire to them; his bed and his light being his only furniture. When he had been burned so that he could not survive, he tore off the clothes, and, calling the guard, told him to summon the council, and when they had assembled in his cell, told them that he was a conspirator, but his secrets were beyond their power of extortion—and died. This gave me a keen sense of the necessity of caution, and as I was certain to be put under surveillance as soon as the police knew I was in Vienna, I took time by the forelock, and before the police paper had been sent in, took a cab, drove to within a block of the house of the person I was to see first, dismissed the cab, and made my visit, establishing communications and precautions against the police. But my consternation may be imagined when my fellow-conspirator, after all our arrangements were complete, took me into the room where his family were assembled and introduced me as a friend who came from Kossuth: \* \* \* but it was a family of red republicans, and I was safe."

#### TOURGUENEFF'S MOTHER

Prof. Boyesen believes that Tourgueneff's life was clouded by an unhappy childhood and by the tyranny and abuse of his mother. He referred but twice to her in his intercourse with Prof. Boyesen, saying on one occasion that "the utter irresponsibility of the master in his intercourse with the serf has the most detrimental effect upon character—as I saw exemplified in the case of my own mother."

"I concluded from this," Mr. Boyesen writes, "that his mother had been a hard and tyrannical woman; and that he was unable to cherish her memory. But never did I dream, until his sister's narration fell into my hands, that she was the female counterpart of Ivan the Terrible. She delighted in the most arbitrary exercise of power, and from sheer ennuï tormented every one who came within the reach of her authority. She had herself been cruelly maltreated in her childhood—nay, she had been direfully insulted by her step-father, and compelled in consequence to flee from home and seek refuge with a relative. By the death of her uncle, Ivan Louotvinnoff, she inherited an immense fortune, on the receipt of which she characteristically remarked, 'Now I can do anything I like' ('Maintenant, je peux tout'). Among the many suitors who competed for her favor, she chose for a husband Sergius Nicolaevitch Tourgueneff because of his extraordinary beauty. \* \* \* It was, in fact, not only he whom she governed, but she insisted upon regulating the affairs of every one who approached her, or entered into any sort of relation with her, however remote. Her autocratic will did not tolerate even a suspicion of criticism, far less opposition; and the devices she hit upon for humiliating those who manifested

what she regarded as a spirit of insubordination were worthy of her imperial prototype Catherine, misnamed the Great. When her daughter was ill with typhoid fever, she gave the physician, who was a highly educated serf, the choice between a complete cure and Siberia. \* \* \* Her major-domo, Pallakoff, she assaulted in a fit of uncontrollable fury, with a crutch, and would have killed him if her brother-in-law had not interfered. She separated him from his wife and children, to whom he was warmly devoted, and exercised a diabolical ingenuity in devising new tortures for the unhappy man."

#### "ICKBERGS"

Mr. W. P. Foster has the following fine sonnet in this number:—

"They come again, those monsters of the sea,  
The north wind's brood, the children of the cold,  
Long lapped and cradled in white winter's fold,  
As worlds are cradled in eternity;  
Lulled by the storm, the Arctic's euphony,  
Launched in hoarse thunder from a mountain mold  
Upon the sea the viking sailed of old,  
They come, the fleet of death, in spring set free.  
Strange as the product of some other sphere,  
The huge imaginings the frost has wrought,  
Out of the land of the White Bear emerge;  
Seeking the sunlight, from creation's verge  
Southward they wander, silent as a thought,  
And in the Gulf-stream drown and disappear."

#### "TISSOT'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE GOSPELS"

Mr. Theodore Stanton tells the story of the conversion of James Tissot, the French painter, whose three or four hundred pictures illustrating the life of Christ formed one of the most interesting features of this year's Champ de Mars Salon. Of the pictures he says:—

"Emphasis must be laid on the fact that Tissot, in the enthusiasm of a neophyte, has not simply gone back to the antiquated treatments of religious subjects. Herein lies, perhaps, the chief merit of his collection. His originality may often border on profanity, but never crosses the line. His innovations in the handling of old familiar themes frequently take the breath away when the beholder is of the cloth. An ecclesiastic who has carefully studied the collection declares that in his rendering of the Passion Tissot has introduced numerous details that had never before occurred to the clerical mind, and yet that none of these new departures is contrary to orthodoxy, and in no respect mars the emotion produced by the scene. Tissot's series of 'portraits' of the apostles is a mixture of archaeological, ethnological, phrenological and historical data welded together by reverence, art and talent. They are sure to startle—that of St. Peter, for instance,—a priest at the first glance, but the work will win respect and admiration at the second. For Tissot has a reason for all, even for the color of a garment, the form of a hood, or the style of the fastening of a sandal. One of the visitors has remarked concerning this remarkable gallery of saints, that the artist has not flattered his subjects. There is nothing wonderful about these poor fishermen, he says, nothing in their plain attire or every-day physiognomy to awaken awe. 'But you feel that these are indeed the men whom Jesus inspired.' In a word, Tissot's creations are pure realism tempered by sincere faith. Perhaps the boldest of the pictures of pure imagination is that which he has named, 'What Jesus Saw from the Top of the Cross.' In the first place, you see no cross. The spectator stands where the Christ should be."

#### MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT

Dr. Albert Shaw presents a timely and interesting study of "The Government of German Cities."

"The burgomaster and magistrates are the most highly trained experts that a German city can secure," he says. "The burgomaster is an expert in the general art of municipal administration. Associated with him in the magisterial council are experts in law, experts in finance, experts in education to administer the schools, experts in engineering to oversee public works of every character, experts in sanitary science, experts in public charity, experts in forestry and park management, experts in the technical and business management of water- and gas-supplies, and so on. \* \* \* The *magistratsrath*, or *stadtrath*, of a German city is, then, a body of distinguished and honored, highly paid, professional, expert employees, and not a body of citizen representatives, although experienced members of the body of citizen representatives may be, and not infrequently are, promoted to membership in the *magistratsrath*. The professional civil service is a vastly greater and better-established field of employment in Germany than in England or America, and it is particularly difficult for an American to appreciate its position and significance. The mayor of an American city is usually

some well-known citizen who is called temporarily from private life to occupy the most authoritative place in the corporation. The burgomaster of a German city is a civil servant—the permanent head of a permanent body of trained officials. The difference between the two is somewhat like that between our Secretary of War and the general commanding the army."

#### "The Review of Reviews"

Among the topics of great present interest discussed in the June *Review of Reviews* are our naval policy, projects of ship-canal building in relation to seaboard defence, the Senate's "tariff muddle," the Great Northern Railway strike and arbitration, the coal-miners' strike, the rationale of Coxeyism, the New York Constitutional Convention, woman suffrage, the temperance movement, the new National Library at Washington, the work done by the women of Virginia for the rescue of the historic shrines of the Old Dominion, constitutional home-rule for cities, the election of Mr. John S. Sargent as Associate of the Royal Academy, six popular painters of the Royal Academy, and an American historical pilgrimage. Mr. Frank Fowler, one of Mr. Sargent's pupils, gives the following "elements of strength" in the new Royal Academician's work:—"Mr. Sargent has viewed widely the whole field of creative art, and his natural taste has led him to study intelligently the methods and precedents of the past; but the marvellous facility of hand and veracity of vision that characterize his work have as yet scarcely been spoken of in this rapid review. Were these paragraphs intended mainly for the edification of the virtuoso and the student, I should find this side of the subject a fruitful one to enlarge upon. There is so much to say on this point of expressive workmanship, in which Mr. Sargent excels, that it would lead one to become too expansive for the limitations of an article like this.

#### PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH

Prof. Lindsay's tribute to his friend, published in *The Review of the Churches*, has been reprinted in part in this number of *The Review of Reviews*. Of his influence he says:—

"I need not record the history of the famous case, which gave



PROF. ROBERTSON SMITH

a great shock to the Free Church, and yet in the end educated not only its ministers but its common people. I have little doubt that, however unfortunate for the man, it was a great thing for the people that the battle was fought out in a democratic Church, where nothing intervened between professor and membership but representative Church courts. The Robertson Smith case set men and women reading about the Bible and reading the Bible as nothing else has done during the century. In outlying country parishes small farmers, plowmen and shepherds, in the cities small shopkeepers, clerks and artisans, clubbed together to buy 'The Old Testament in the Jewish Church,' and formed little societies to read

it and discuss it. His friends never doubted victory for the cause, though they feared they would lose the man. If the case could have been kept going a year or two longer both cause and man would have been saved. \* \* \* The burden and excitement of these four years told heavily on him. He lived nearly fourteen years after his removal from his chair, but he was never quite the same man physically afterward; nor is it to be wondered at by any who knew what he went through. There are many ways of martyrdom—what was done to Robertson Smith was one of them. He was a true martyr—a witness who gave himself for others. He did, if any man did. Scotland has an insight into the meaning of the Bible, and Scotch ministers and office-bearers have entered into the fruit of his labors. It was hard on the man, but such is the faithfulness to death which the truth always demands from her pioneers and discoverers."

#### "The North American Review"

The Secretary of Agriculture opens this number with an article on "Protection and the Proletariat"; Mr. W. H. Mallock discusses "Fashion and Intellect," apropos of Lady Jeune's recent article on "Dinners and Dinners"; Dr. William A. Hammond considers the question, "What Should a Doctor be Paid?"; Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P., gives a sketch of "The Political Outlook in England"; the Bishop of Albany writes of "The New York State University"; "The Menace of Coxeyism" is considered by Major-Gen. O. O. Howard, Supt. Byrnes and Dr. Alvah H. Doty; Sarah Grand gives some additional information about "The Modern Girl"; Prince Iturbide describes "Mexico Under President Diaz"; Mr. John F. Hume gives a picturesque account of the repudiated or neglected debts of several of our States in "Our Family Skeleton"; the Governors of Colorado and Nebraska describe the workings of "Woman Suffrage in Practice"; Prof. F. M. Egan writes of "Bishop Doane and American Roman Catholics"; Mr. George A. Stewart speculates on "The Problem of the Racing Yacht"; Mr. Michael G. Mulhall talks of "Continental Finances"; Mr. Edward Stanwood tells "How to Relieve Congress"; Elizabeth Bisland studies "The Cry of the Women"; and Mr. H. J. Broune tells "A Tale of Two Capitals"—Paris and Washington.

#### "FASHION AND INTELLECT"

"Many people who denounce a hostess for inviting a duke merely because he was a duke would praise her for inviting a great philosopher merely because he was a great philosopher," says Mr. Mallock. Referring to Lady Jeune's dull dinner-party of brilliant people, he observes:—

"Intellectually brilliant individuals may make up a dull dinner-party by accident, because they happen to eclipse one another's brilliance; and this was perhaps the case on the occasion to which Lady Jeune alludes: but the general reason, and the main reason, of such an occurrence will be found to lie in the broad and simple fact that the qualities which make men brilliant in the intellectual world have no necessary connection whatever with the qualities which make them brilliant in the social world. Many critics of society—of London society in particular,—especially those who have little personal acquaintance with it, are accustomed to denounce it with righteous and somewhat acrimonious indignation, for the way in which it neglects persons of moral and mental worth, the earnest worker, the great artist or writer, the profound scientist or philosopher; and courts those who are distinguished by mere frivolous or adventitious advantages, such as beauty, *chic*, wealth and titular rank. And the undoubted, though partial, truth contained in these familiar remarks has inspired for ages a succession of unceasing sarcasms which have been a great comfort to their authors, without disturbing their objects. But when the truth of the matter is considered more completely, there is found to be in reality little occasion for sarcasm at all: and the conduct which is supposed to be peculiar to a heartless and iniquitous aristocracy is seen to be essentially that natural and inevitable conduct which is followed by all ranks and classes."

#### THE NEW YORK STATE UNIVERSITY

In his criticism of the Report of the Superintendent of Public Instruction to the Legislature of the State of New York, Bishop Wil-



Ilam Crosswell Doane gives the following sketch of the University's history:—

"The system of public education in the State of New York is somewhat peculiar. The founder of the system was the first governor, George Clinton, who, at the close of the revolutionary war, finding everything at loose ends, called the attention of the Legislature to the necessity of some prompt action. This resulted in the incorporation of a very large Board of Regents, who had charge of a very small classical school. That school was King's College, which has now grown to the splendid dimensions of Columbia College, still under the Regents, who have grown proportionately small in number, with largely increased duties, responsibilities, and powers. This was in 1784. The University of the State of New York is therefore 110 years old. In 1787, at the request of the Regents, the law of their incorporation was revised, and the changes in that revision, which is virtually its present charter, and which controlled its form, came evidently from Alexander Hamilton, himself a Regent, and at that time an Assemblyman and a member of the Committee of Revision. Very much enlarged in the extent of its work, the institution remains essentially the same as the charter of 1787 made it. The 'other duties' which have been assigned to it from time to time are: the charge of the State Library and Museum, and the care of examinations, not only those for which they confer degrees or licenses themselves, but of examinations in all the academies of the University, and for entrance to the colleges and professional and technical schools of the State. Beside this it has the care of all libraries owned by the State, and the right and duty to issue all charters or provisional charters to any incorporated educational institution, from Kindergarten to University."

#### "Scribner's Magazine"

The leading article in the June *Scribner's* is a paper on "Maximilian and Mexico," by Mr. John Heard, Jr., which, while comparatively short, is of the greatest historical importance. Prof. Shaler has an article on "The Dog"; and Archibald Forbes speaks of "The Future of the Wounded in War." Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner" is continued, and Mr. William Henry Bishop finishes his story of Monte Carlo, "A Pound of Cure." Dr. Leroy Milton Yale has a timely paper on "American Game Fishes"; and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett tells "The Story of a Beautiful Thing" (the Invalid Children's Aid Association of London). "A Portion of the Tempest," by Mary Tappan Wright, and "Life," by Edith Wharton, are the names of the two poems in this number. Mr. Stanhope A. Forbes's "The Lighthouse" is the Type of Contemporary Paintings selected by Mr. Hamerton; the illustrations are by L. Marchetti, Gilbert Gaul, Ch. Herrmann Léon, John Gullich and Charles B. Hudson. The anonymous writers in *The Point of View* discuss the woman suffrage question, the "Gentle Reader" and the physical aspects of industrial man.

#### "MAXIMILIAN OF MEXICO"

Mr. Heard gives in his notable article the following sketch of the difficulties that beset the undiplomatic, blundering Austrian prince: "Eliminating the French army, which was but a temporary factor in the problem before him, Maximilian had the choice of two vast forces with which to consolidate his throne, the clerical and the Indian population. A gradual enfranchisement of the latter, albeit the slower, was the nobler course to pursue, and the result would have been to realize Maximilian's own ideal of a popular despot by making him *de facto* Emperor of the Mexicans. Instead of what he was, Emperor of Mexico at the mercy of the clerical party. When we recall how he had insisted on the expression of a popular vote as a *sine qua non* of his acceptance, it seems amazing that he should have so completely ignored the masses—his best friends—after his accession to power. On the other hand, Maximilian was no partisan. His ambition was to satisfy all parties, and he satisfied none. His policy was to compromise when driven to act, but to temporize when possible. The party that had called him to Mexico, already dissatisfied by the conservative attitude of the French and the procrastinating policy of the Regency, had come to doubt the wisdom of their inspiration and held suddenly aloof. At this juncture their emissary to Miramar, Father Miranda, returned to Mexico, and, from his death-bed in Puebla, sent them a solemn note of warning. He had been in the country but a short time, but his shrewd mind easily penetrated the Emperor's dream of democratic imperialism; and the vacillating, groping policy by which he sought to realize it."

#### "THE DOG'S MIND"

Mr. Shaler predicts that "vast as has been the work of man upon the dog \* \* \*, there is reason to believe that if he but go forward \* \* \*, the final result may be very much more perfect

than that which has been attained." Of the dog's intellectual limitations he says:—

"We note, in the first place, that although for ages in contact with the constructive work which occupies his masters, the dog shows no tendency whatever to essay any undertakings of this nature. He is quite alive to considerations of personal comfort and is particularly fond of a warm bed, yet except for a few unverified stories we may say that there is no evidence whatever to show that they ever try to improve their conditions by deliberately providing themselves with warm bedding. In no well-attested case has a dog shown any sense as to the nature of any mechanical contrivance. They will learn which way a door opens, and rarely if ever do they undiscerningly close it when it is slightly ajar when they wish to pass through the opening, but I have never been able to observe or obtain evidence to show that they would pull down a latch in the way in which a cat readily learns to do. Much as dogs have had to do with guns, they display no kind of interest in the arms except so far as they are tokens of sport to come. They connect the explosion with the capture of game, and will search for it in the direction toward which the barrel was pointed. I have not, however, been able to find that they know, as they might readily do, and as a crow would surely do, when the weapon was loaded and when empty. They show no interest in it, such as monkeys readily display toward any mechanical contrivance to which their attention has been directed."

#### THE GENTLE READER

"To be a good reader is a vocation by itself," declares a writer in the *Point of View*, "and one which writers habitually and enviously admire."

"Every one," he goes on, "who has ever launched a book which has drifted in even a moderate degree into the current of public favor must remember how overwhelming a proportion of whatever subsequent satisfaction he got from it was due to that simple, old-fashioned, uncritical personage, the gentle reader, who reads books for the promotion of his own happiness, and if he likes them knows it and is cheerfully ready to say so. For the faults or shortcomings of a book the gentle reader doesn't much care if only there is a grace in it somewhere to which his soul responds. If it is verse, it does not concern him that Tennyson wrote better; if it is a story he does not throw it down because it is not the equal of 'Vanity Fair.' If it gives him real pleasure, in sufficient quantity to pay for the time he spent in reading it, he declares that it is a good book and is ready to thank the author and buy and read the next book that he sends out."

#### "The Forum"

The Hon. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, writes in the June *Forum* of "Farmers, Fallacies and Furrows," showing that economic fallacies, more than agricultural distress, are the causes of the present unrest among the farmers. Mr. E. L. Godkin enquires, "Who Will Pay the Bills of Socialism?" Mr. Matthew Hale presents arguments against, and Miss Mary A. Greene for, woman suffrage; the Rt. Rev. J. M. Farley contends that church property should be exempt from taxation; and Mr. E. M. Winston contributes an article on "The Threatening Conflict with Romanism." Mr. Franklin H. Head, Secretary of the Chicago Bimetallic League, and Mr. J. C. Hendrix, M. C., have interesting articles for and against an international monetary agreement; Mr. Fred. Perry Powers explains, in an answer to Mr. Ghandi's article in the May *Forum*, "The Success of Christian Missions in India"; Mr. Carroll D. Wright makes some interesting deductions from "The Census of Sex, Marriage and Divorce"; Mr. E. R. L. Gould explains "How Baltimore Banished Tramps and Helped the Idle"; Dr. Frederick A. Cook sets forth what he hopes to accomplish by an expedition to the South Pole; and Pres. G. Stanley Hall discusses "Scholarships, Fellowships and the Training of Professors."

#### TRUE UNIVERSITY TRAINING

In his article on scholarships, fellowships and other such advantages that are given to encourage the highest learning in England, Germany and this country, Pres. Hall cites the following instructive instance:—

"The young man who has had the priceless experience of self-abandonment to some happily chosen point was well illustrated in a man I knew. With the dignity and sense of finality of the American senior-year quick within him, his first teacher in Germany told him to study experimentally one of the seventeen muscles of a frog's leg. The mild dissipation of a somewhat too prolonged general culture, aided by some taste for breezy philosophic speculation, almost diverted him from so mean an object. But, as he progressed, he found that he must know in a more minute and practical way than before, in a way that made previous knowledge seem unreal, certain definite points in electricity, chemistry, mechanics,

physiology, etc., and bring them to bear in fruitful relation to each other. As the winter proceeded, the history of previous views was studied, and broader biological relations seen; and as the summer waned and a second year was begun in the study of this tiny muscle, it was seen that its laws are the same in frogs and men; that just such contractile tissue had done all that man had accomplished in the world, and that muscles are the only organs of the will. As the work went on, many of the mysteries of the universe seemed to centre in his theme. In the study of this minute object he gradually passed from the attitude of Peter Bell \* \* \* up to the standpoint of the seer who "plucked a flower from the crannied wall" and realized that could he but understand what it was, "root and all, and all in all, he would know what God and man is." Even if my friend had contributed nothing in discovery to the temple of science, he had felt the profound and religious conviction that the world is lawful to the core, and had experienced what a truly liberal and higher education—in the modern as distinct from the mediæval sense—really is."

#### PRESIDENTS WHO WERE FARMERS

Having compared the American farmer to Antæus, Secretary Morton calls attention to the fact that eleven Presidents of the United States were called from farms:—

"(1.) Washington, the land-surveyor and farmer, from Mount Vernon. (2.) John Adams, of Quincy, who, during the last year of his Presidency, said:—'I am weary, worn, and disgusted to death. I had rather chop wood, dig ditches, make fences upon my poor, little farm. Alas! poor farm, and poorer family, what have you lost that your country might be free!' (3.) Jefferson, farmer, philosopher and statesman, from Monticello. (4.) Madison, farmer and lawyer, of Montpelier, Va. (5.) Monroe, farmer, from Oak Hill, Va. (6.) John Quincy Adams, from the Quincy farm of 100 acres, near Boston. ('It is said that most of the trees were raised by John Quincy Adams, from the seeds which he was in the habit of picking up in his wanderings. The most peculiar interest attaches to a shellbark hickory which he planted more than fifty years previous to his death. In this tree he took a peculiar satisfaction, but he was an enthusiast in regard to all the trees of the forest, differing in this respect from his father, who was an agriculturist of the Cato stamp—was more inclined to lay the axe to them than to propagate them.') (7.) Andrew Jackson, of the 'Hermitage' in Tennessee, who, a farmer, soldier and lawyer, was a most excellent type of the best Americanism. (8.) Van Buren, of Kinderhook, N. Y., was called to the Presidency from his sheep-and-wool farm, although he was a lawyer of far above average acquirements and ability. (9.) William Henry Harrison, from his farm at North Bend, Ohio. (10.) Tyler, of Sherwood Forest Farm, Virginia, where he subsequently died. (11.) James K. Polk, of Duck River, Tennessee, also came from the farm to the Presidency."

#### THE RIGHT TO VOTE

In his article on "The Useless Risk of the Ballot for Women," Mr. Matthew Hale thus disposes of some mistaken conceptions of "the right to vote" of either sex:—

"It is contended by the advocates of woman suffrage that the right to vote is a natural right, of which women are deprived. But suffrage has never been treated as a natural right in men or women. Until 1822 no citizens of New York could vote unless possessed of certain property qualifications. Similar laws prevailed, I think, in all the original thirteen States. In some States, now, all illiterate persons are excluded. An arbitrary age is fixed in all, under which none, however mature or intelligent, are allowed to vote. The right to vote has always been, and always necessarily must be, limited in some way. The Declaration of Independence, in its enumeration of the 'inalienable rights' of man, did not include the right to vote.

"But it is said that the exclusion of women from voting while they are taxed is 'taxation without representation.' If by this it is meant that, in every government, every person who is taxed is entitled, as matter of right, to vote, such position is entirely untenable. The property of minors is taxed, but no one claims that such taxation is tyranny because the minors cannot vote. The man who owns land in any State where he does not reside is compelled to pay taxes in the State where his lands are situated, although he cannot vote for the persons who make the laws of that State. But no one would claim that taxation of the property of a non-resident is such 'taxation without representation' as was objected to by our forefathers."

#### "The Popular Science Monthly"

Dr. Andrew D. White writes in this number of "The Final Effort of Theology" in its struggle against evolution; Dr. R. N. Keely describes "Nicaragua and the Mosquito Coast"; Mr. Lester

F. Ward shows in "Weismann's Concessions" that the latter has conceded all the important points involved in his controversy with Spencer; Prof. G. F. Wright gives an account of "The Cincinnati Ice Dam"; Dr. Austin Flint considers "The Eye as an Optical Instrument"; Mr. James L. Hughes contributes an essay on "The Kindergarten a Natural System of Education"; Mr. Garrett P. Serviss indicates the "Pleasures of the Telescope"; Dr. T. D. Crothers asks, "Should Prohibitory Laws be Abolished?" Prof. F. W. Woll describes "Dairy Schools and Dairy Products"; and Mr. A. R. Wallace contributes the fourth and last instalment of "The Ice Age and its Work." There is a biographical sketch, with portrait, of Gerard Troost; correspondence on "Mistakes of Scientific Men, Artists and Poets" and "Do Animals Reason"; and the editor discusses "The Possibilities of Education," and asks, "Is 'Society' Vulgar?"

#### DR. MCCOSH AND EVOLUTION

Dr. White pays this tribute to the famous President of Princeton:—

"Fortunately, at about the time when Darwin's 'Descent of Man' was published, there had come into Princeton University a 'deus ex machina' in the person of Dr. James McCosh. Assuming the presidency, he at once took his stand against teachings so dangerous to Christianity as those of Drs. Hodge, Duffield and their *confrères*. In one of his personal confidences he has let us into the secret of this matter. With that hard Scotch sense which had won the applause of Thackeray in his well-known verses, he saw that the most dangerous thing which could be done to Christianity at Princeton was to reiterate in the university pulpit, week after week, solemn declarations that if evolution by natural selection, or indeed evolution at all, be true, the Scriptures are false. McCosh tells us that he saw that this was the certain way to make the students unbelievers; he therefore not only gave a check to this dangerous preaching, but preached an opposite doctrine. With him began the inevitable compromise, and, in spite of mutterings against him as a Darwinian, he carried the day. Whatever may be thought of the general system of philosophy which he has advocated, no one can deny the great service he rendered in neutralizing the teachings of his predecessors and colleagues—so dangerous to all that is essential in Christianity. Other divines of strong sense in other parts of the country began to take similar ground—namely, that men could be Christians and at the same time believe in the Darwinian theory."

#### THE NATURALNESS OF THE KINDERGARTEN

"In the kindergarten the child's spontaneity is respected," says Mr. James L. Hughes. "He is not guided too much. He is allowed to work out, with the material given him, the plans, the designs, the problems, that arise in his own mind." "The kindergarten," he continues, "dictates plans, designs, or problems to him only so far as may be necessary to help his mind to recognize new conceptions. He never has a lesson in which he is a follower or an imitator all the time. The idea that he should produce a result similar to his neighbor's is never presented to him. He is trained to depend on his own mind for the plan or design, and for its execution. Nature's plan before the child goes to school is to let him find his own problems. His greatest mental power is the ability to recognize in the material world by which he is surrounded the new things he has not seen before and the new problems he does not understand. If he has the privilege of growing up among the beauties of natural life, if the trees and flowers and birds and butterflies and bees and crickets are his companions, if he has sand and stones and sticks for his playthings, there are few of the problems of science and material philosophy that do not present themselves to his mind. He solves thousands of them unaided, and brings those that are too deep for him to his mother or father, or most sympathetic older friend. These problems are not forced upon his mind by any external agency, they lie all around his path awaiting recognition by his mind. The recognition comes under such conditions exactly at the right moment, when the mind is ready to deal with the problem. No wonder that, under such conditions, knowledge is acquired and mental power defined and developed so rapidly."

#### "Lippincott's Magazine"

The complete novel in the June *Lippincott's* is "The Wonder-Witch," by M. G. McClelland. Gilbert Parker's "Trespasser" is concluded, and there are two short stories, "The Rumpety Case," by Anna Fuller, and "Two in 'The Other Half,'" a tale of the New York slums, by E. Ogden Hays. In "Sea Island Cotton Respun," Dora E. W. Spratt tells how the islands passed under Northern care during the Civil War; "The New Northwest Passage to the Orient," by J. Macdonald Oxley, is a description of the



Canadian Pacific Railroad and its line of steamers to Japan; Morgan S. Edmunds describes the suppression of brigandage in the Argentine Republic in 1871; Agnes Repplier discusses "The Passing of the Essay"; and R. H. Stoddard discusses his "First Literary Acquaintances." The verse of the number is by M. S. Paden, Ella Gilbert Ives, Sara Matthews Handy, Ulysses Francis Duff and Charles G. D. Roberts.

#### MR. STODDARD'S FIRST ACCEPTED POEM

In "My First Literary Acquaintances," Mr. R. H. Stoddard tells of his unsuccessful early work, and of the fiery sacrifice he made thereof.

"After many holocausts," he continues, "I wrote a small piece, which, on reading it over carefully, I concluded to spare, since it seemed to me better than anything I had yet written. It might not be good—though I hoped it was—but, as I saw worse things in print every day, I resolved to have it printed—if I could. It was an apostrophe to several ideal qualities, Wealth, Power, Ambition, Truth, which, for their shortcomings, I sentenced to extinction, excepting the last, which I reprieved in the last stanza, telling Death that Truth would be the death of him. I finished this clumsy fantasy as well as I could, gave it a Latin title, 'Non Omnis Moriar,' made a clean copy of it, and sent it to a little periodical, a weekly, I think, which I had somewhere stumbled across. It was called *The Rover*, and was edited by Seba Smith. A week passed, two weeks passed, and, as the poem did not appear, I lost a half-day in order to learn its fate. I found the office of *The Rover*, which was in, or near, what is now called "Newspaper Row," in Nassau Street, or Fulton Street, and I found Mr. Smith in the editorial room. I mentioned my name, and said I had sent a poem to him to see if he would print it. I had made a bet that he wouldn't, and if I had won the bet, as I expected, I was going to claim it. He smiled rather incredulously, I thought, as if he doubted the bet (which was a genuine one), and said that if I had wanted to win I should have wagered the other way. The poem not only would be printed, but *was* printed. And, opening his desk, he handed me a copy of *The Rover*. I was surprised, and told him so. Then I thanked him, and, hurrying from the room and down the stairs, stopped when I reached the sidewalk to see how I looked in print. Many years have passed since that day—nigh half a century, I fancy,—but I have never forgotten it, nor Mr. Seba Smith, who who was the first editor, the first poet, the first man of letters, whom I was fortunate enough to meet."

#### THE POWER OF THE ESSAY

"Mr. Lang's 'Essays in Little' and 'Letters to Dead Authors' have reached thousands of people who have never read his admirable translations from the Greek," says Miss Repplier. She continues as follows:—

"Mr. Pater's essays—which, however, are not light—are far better known than his beautiful 'Marius the Epicurean.' Lamb's 'Elia' is more widely read than are his letters, though it would seem a heart-breaking matter to choose between them. Hazlitt's essays are still rich mines of pleasure, as well as fine correctives for much modern nonsense. The first series of Mr. Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism' remains his most popular book, and the one which has done more than all the rest to show the great half-educated public what is meant by distinction of mind. Indeed, there never was a day when by-roads to culture were more diligently sought for than now by people disinclined for long travel or much toil, and the essay is the smoothest little path which runs in that direction. It offers no instruction, save through the medium of enjoyment, and one saunters lazily along with a charming unconsciousness of effort. Great results are not to be gained in this fashion, but it should sometimes be play-hour for us all. Moreover, there are still readers keenly alive to the pleasure which literary art can give; and the essayists, from Addison down to Mr. Arnold and Mr. Pater, have recognized the value of form, the powerful and persuasive eloquence of style."

#### "The Cosmopolitan"

Buffalo Bill opens the list of contents with an article on "Famous Hunting Parties of the Plains"; Mr. F. L. de Laetreppe writes of Flammarion, "A Poet Astronomer"; Mr. H. H. Boyesen describes "The Fjords of Norway," and Mr. W. D. McCracken "The Home of Joan of Arc"; Eugen Sandow tells "How to Preserve Health and Attain Strength"; Friedrich Spielhagen studies "The Modern German Drama and its Authors"; and Maurice Barrès tells the story of "The Panama Scandal." Val-dés's "Origin of Thought" is continued, and there are two short stories, "Jim Lancy's Waterloo," by Elia W. Peattie, and "Karma à la Mode," by Mrs. A. G. Rose. Mr. Howells's *Homos* takes "Dinner, Very Informally," with Mrs. Makely. One begins to sus-

pect that Mr. Howells chose the Altrurian disguise solely to make more palatable a work on good form and the ordering of a comfortable home which he is writing for the benefit of wealthy but unsophisticated people. The poems are by Lewis Morris, John Vance Cheney and Thomas A. Janvier.

#### "THE EMPTY CAGE"

Mr. Lewis Morris's verses run as follows:—

"The lilacs in the court were sweet;	Thy weak wings fluttered to the strife,
The high sun climbed to golden noon,	And weal and ease were thine no more.
And blithely down the tree-fringed street,	Thy girlish mistress stood in tears,
The sparrows chirped a merry tune,	And all the summer evening long
Whom thou, a golden darling dear,	Strained weary eyes and watching ears,
Didst greet with long roudades and trills,	To see thy plume and catch thy song.
Like those that charm the listening ear	In vain, upon the balcony,
Which some high-pitched soprano thrills.	Thy old home welcomed, opened wide.
Mean folk, indeed, of husky throat	Our grief, our calls thou didst deride;
And humble garb; not theirs as thine,	Thou wouldst not heed, thou wouldst be free.
The graceful form, the amber coat,	Once more thou didst flash by again,
The sweet spontaneous fancies fine.	"While after thee that lawless crowd,
But thou wert prisoned, they were free,	With vulgar chirpings, coarsely loud,
Though thine the never-falling seed.	Mocked thy fine operatic strain.
The tepid bath, the fresh-plucked weed,	Then fell the night, and all was still;
'Twas oh! with those gay bards to be.	And when the morning dawned, no more
Ay! though black monsters fiery-eyed,	Thy waking note our ears might fill,
Amid the thick-leaved shades might hide,	Tho' still we kept the open door.
And, noiseless, pounce and snatch away	And thou, where art thou? Did swift fate
To instant death, the helpless prey.	Snatch thee? A precious allegory:
'Twas freedom that thou wouldst, not life,	Thy song, thy flight, thy open gate—
When boldly through the open door	Say, was it better to be free?"

#### HAUPTMANN'S "WEAVERS"

In his article on "The Modern German Drama and its Authors," Herr Spielhagen discusses Wildenbruch, Ludwig Fulda, Hermann Sudermann, Max Halbe, Otto Erich Hartleben and Gerhart Hauptmann. Of the latter's latest play, "The Weavers," he says:—

"In February of the present year another morning dawned, and once more the young giant, who was supposed to have been forever overthrown and fettered, stood before us on the boards, stretching his mighty limbs. The stage, which at other times merely signifies the world, seemed this time so completely to be it, that there was not a spectator who, when the curtain fell upon the last act of 'The Weavers,' did not experience a deep emotion. And yet the author had again made us gaze into the same abyss of human misery. Nay, the play was the more terrible, because one had to exclaim here with the Knight Raoul in 'The Maid of Orléans': 'Butchery it was, not battle.' It was the pitiless, gradual butchery and assassination of hundreds and thousands of unresisting victims of that insatiable ogre, Capital. This time the new school won, according to its own assertion, a dazzling victory along the whole line."

#### The "New England Magazine"

"Neal Dow and the Maine Liquor Law" is the name of the leading article in the June number of this periodical; it is by the Rev. A. A. Miner. Prof. T. B. Greenough gives an account of "The Latin Play at Harvard"; Mr. Herbert Laws Webb explains the importance of "The Telephone of To-day"; Rhode Island furnishes a new chapter in the series on New England at the World's Fair; "Government by Commissions" is discussed by Mr. Raymond L. Bridgman and Mr. Gamaliel Bradford; Dr. Lewis G. Janes explains "What New England Owes to the United States";

and Lucy Porter Higgins honors the memory of "Ezekiel Cheever, the Old Boston Schoolmaster." There are stories by Clifford Hoffman Chase and Dorothy Prescott, and poems by Eva Channing, Virna Woods, Elizabeth Hill, Vere Wilmot and Mary F. Butts.

#### CLASSIC PLAYS IN AMERICAN SCHOOLS

Prof. Greenough, who supervised the recent production of Terence's "Phormio" at Harvard, gives a survey of the various productions of Latin plays in European universities and schools since the beginning of the Middle Ages.

"This custom of plays in schools was not brought to this country by our ancestors," he says, "and has never been introduced until very lately, so that our classic plays are essentially a new departure, and do not connect at all with the old traditions. The first attempt, so far as I know, to produce a classic play in this country, was the Greek play at Cambridge, in 1881, though it is quite likely that Latin plays, classic or other, have been performed privately in Catholic colleges. The 'Oedipus' at Cambridge has been followed by others in various parts of this country, notably by the admirable performance of the 'Antigone' by the girls of Vassar a year ago. The first Latin play in this country was given by the students of Michigan University, at Ann Arbor, and later at Chicago, the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus. In this no rigid antiquarian accuracy was sought for, and modern music by a modern orchestra, as well as an extra serenade, were introduced. Nor was metrical delivery in the manner of the ancients attempted. The performance of the 'Captivi' last year, in New York and Chicago, by students of St. Francis Xavier College, apparently aimed at exactness of representation, if we may judge by the preface to the libretto, and the costumes for the most part, as they appear in a photograph, are Greek; but \* \* \* it would seem that nothing like the delivery of the ancients could be expected."

#### THE FIRST SCHOOLMASTER IN CONNECTICUT

Ezekiel Cheever's history has been compiled from contemporary records by Lucy Porter Higgins, who thus describes his early life and arrival in America:—

"In 1637 there came to these shores, among other good and wise men, Ezekiel Cheever, the son of a linen draper; born, it is said, in London, Jan. 25, 1614. Whether his birthplace was London or Canterbury is not certain. He had relatives in the latter place; and Bartholomew Cheever, supposed to be an uncle of Ezekiel, came from there the same year. There was also an Abraham Cheever, who may have been his father, but this is only conjecture. Whoever his father was, the young man was possessed of exceptional talents, and equipped to an unusual degree in the learning of the schools. He had received a classical training of the highest order, and before his twenty-third year had written 'letters, verses and dissertations in Latin,' which are still preserved."

#### "McClure's Magazine"

The Human Documents for June consist of series of portraits of Cardinal Gibbons, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Richard Harding Davis. Mr. Hamlin Garland makes a report on "Homestead and its Perilous Trades"; Gen. A. W. Greely considers the prospects of the different arctic expeditions now on the way in "Will they Reach the Pole?"; M. de Blowitz talks of "The Peace of Europe"; and Mr. Cleveland Moffett continues his study of "Wild Beasts in Captivity." "The Good Angel" is the name of a short story by Octave Thanet; "Kaa's Hunting" that of one by Rudyard Kipling. Capt. T. J. Mackey narrates "An Incident of Gettysburg"; Robert Louis Stevenson continues the story of "The Ebb Tide"; and Julian Ralph and John Talman contribute poems. The illustrations are by Orson Lowell, H. C. Edwards, W. C. Pape, J. Hambridge, C. R. Knight and Alfred Brennan.

#### "WHY DID WE MARRY?"

Mr. Julian Ralph asks this question and answers it:—

"Why did we marry—you and I?  
Ah, me; why did we? In our youth  
I vowed I loved; and your reply,  
Heart-sung, yet silent, seemed the truth.  
Beside our love's now swelling tone  
How faint was that first throb, dear heart!  
It was a babe that since has grown  
Big as the world of which we're part.  
Ay, bigger yet, like Paradise;  
For when you fold me to your breast,  
Or I drink deep from your dear eyes,  
The world's forgot, with all the rest.  
Give more, dear nobler half! I thirst  
For all the love you once kept hid.  
What if we did not love at first?  
Thank God, sweet wife, we thought we did."

#### PEARY'S CHANCES OF SUCCESS

Gen. A. W. Greely says of Peary's expedition and its chances:—

"Peary has been wintering in northwestern Greenland on the shores of Inglefield Gulf, above the seventy-seventh parallel, among the Etah Eskimos. He contemplated a very early start about the middle of March, and doubtless is at this very time making the comparatively easy journey over the smooth road afforded by the inland ice to Cape Independence. It will then become necessary for him, with a selected party, to take to the sea ice, where his methods of travelling must conform to those of his predecessors. \* \* \* The chances of success for Peary primarily depend on his ability to accumulate a large food supply at Cape Independence for his advance party—men and dogs—or on the very problematical chance of securing an abundant supply of game. It will be recalled that Peary lost three-fourths of his dogs in his previous journey to this point in 1891, and few besides experienced Arctic travellers realize how near his party approached disaster, for it was only the supply of musk oxen killed unexpectedly at his farthest, that secured his safe retreat. Experience will do much to facilitate Peary's travel, and it is to be expected that he will be able to trace a considerable portion of the unknown coast between Cape Independence and Cape Bismarck to the south. It is, on the other hand, extremely doubtful if he ever passes beyond the farthest charted on his map, ninety miles beyond his point of 1891, and this would carry him almost directly to the east. The chances are about one in ten that he reaches the eighty-third parallel. Tromsø or Hammerfest should be reached early in October, 1894."

#### Magazine Notes

The *Yale Review* for May opens with some editorial comments on the existing business depression, expressing the opinion that it is not so bad as some that preceded it, and that it is already passing away. Mr. Horace White has a paper on the doings in Wall Street on the famous "Black Friday, 1869"; Mr. James Schouler, under the curious title of "Historical Industries," treats of the methods of preparing and writing historical works; and there are other papers on "Corporations and the Legislature," "Ulrich von Hutten" and "The Condition of the Southern Farmer." But the article that is likely to attract the most attention is that by Isaac A. Hourwich, on "The Russian-American Extradition Treaty." It shows clearly that the treaty provides for the extradition of men for purely political offenses, and will make it evident, we think, to impartial minds that the treaty ought to be abrogated as soon as possible. The *Review* has now entered on its third volume, and, though it does not show any striking originality in thought or excellence in style, it is fairly representative of American scholarship in those departments to which it is devoted.

THE March number of the *Annals* of the American Academy of Political and Social Science opens with an essay on "The Idea of Justice in Political Economy," translated from the German of Gustav Schmoller, which is well worthy of attention. The author believes that there is an ideally just distribution of economic goods; that under existing institutions a just distribution is not attained; and that it is possible, by judicious modifications of the social order, to make a nearer approach to the ideal. His discussion of the nature of justice and of the mode in which the conception of it is developed among men, though confined almost entirely to the economic aspects of the subject, is closely reasoned and interesting. He points out that existing institutions are the embodiment of the ideas of justice that we inherit from the past, and that improvements can be effected only after a change in men's ideas, and then only by gradual reforms in laws and institutions. He fails, however, to suggest any specific means to secure a better distribution of goods, apparently thinking that that is the business of the practical statesman. Besides this essay, this number contains papers on "The Classification of Law"; "American Life Insurance Methods"; and "The Relation of Taxation to Monopolies," together with a great number of shorter articles on a variety of subjects, closing with a brief notice of the national conference for good city government held at Philadelphia in January last.

#### London Letter

THE MOST NOTEWORTHY EVENT of the week has been a very sad one: on Saturday night Edmund Yates died. For months he had been in a precarious state of health, but just recently he had rallied, and on Saturday felt well enough to be present at the revival of "Money," by Mr. John Hare, at the Garrick Theatre. It is an old-fashioned play, the history of which was familiar to the editor of *The World*, and during the evening he was eager to discuss with his many friends the various revivals that he had witnessed since Macready and Miss Helen Faucit first made its suc-



cess. At the end of the performance, when the spectators were leaving their seats, Mr. Yates did not move. A friend went over to him to see if anything was wrong, and found him, as he thought, fainting. But the attack proved to be apoplexy. He was at once removed to the Savoy Hotel; the best medical advice was sought, but it was too late. In the small hours of the morning he passed away. The work which Edmund Yates leaves behind him, under his name, is but a small part of his achievement. He wrote several successful novels, a play or so, some volumes of essays and an admirable and genial autobiography; but the strength of his influence was not here. His claim to respect mainly lay in the fact that he was the father of modern journalism. When, years ago, he was crossed off the books of the Garrick Club for writing a descriptive article which gave offence to Thackeray, he laid the foundation, for better and worse, of the new school of personal literature. That article is far less of an outrage on good taste than the ordinary journalism which passes current nowadays: had Thackeray been living to-day, he would have been voted absurd for his annoyance. But Edmund Yates was the pioneer of literary photography, and, like all pioneers, he paid the penalty. He was born in 1831, and educated at Highgate School. His parents originally intended him for the Church, but the plan fell through, and, at the age of sixteen, he became a clerk in the General Post-Office. His first book appeared when he was twenty-three; and from that time, helped somewhat by Charles Dickens, he began to obtain a good deal of newspaper work. He did dramatic criticism for *The Daily News*, personal paragraphs for *The Illustrated Times*, and edited *Comic News*. Then he undertook the management of *Temple Bar*, and became London correspondent for *The New York Herald*. In 1874, two years after his retirement from the Post-Office, he started *The World*, which, after a shaky beginning, soon settled down into what it remains to-day, one of the best properties in London. He always maintained in its pages that fearless outspokenness which more than once led him into serious trouble, and collected about him a staff which includes the most competent dramatic and musical critics of the day. Lately, I believe, he had written but little himself for his paper; but it is unquestionable that so powerful and individual an influence will be sadly missed from the editorial chair.

Mr. Kipling's new volume of child-stories, "The Jungle Book," which recently appeared, for the most part, in *St. Nicholas*, is just out, and proves all too short. There are many pictures, but a disappointing briefness of letter-press, though what there is, is as good as one can wish. Mr. Kipling has settled for a while in the country, having taken a house at Tisbury in Wiltshire, where, I believe, he will spend the summer with his family. There is already a good deal of interest stirring around the announcement that the new volume of "Barrackroom Ballads" will be ready in the autumn. Mr. Kipling has many champions to press his claim for the Laureate-ship; and, though it would certainly be an anomaly to have a "laureat poet" dwelling out of England, it is difficult to see what choice could be better, since it seems vain to hope that the laurel will go to Mr. Swinburne. Certainly, Mr. Kipling is the most modern and imperial of our poets. What battle odes he would write! what songs of victory!

The theatres, it is reported, are doing very badly. The season is now in full swing, but only a few houses are drawing respectable audiences. The music-halls, even, have to seek extraneous aid, and the great sensation of the hour is the bullet-proof cloth, which is nightly fired upon by English and German rifles without effect. Signora Duse, of course, attracts the public; and "The Masqueraders" and Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man" share with "The New Boy" the distinction of the largest bookings. Mr. Charles Wyndham is going to revive "The Candidate," now ten years old, a sure sign that there is nothing new of importance in his repertory. It is said that Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Pinero are to collaborate on an opera, but the report seems improbable, for the author of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has never shown himself to have a taste for lyrics. At any rate, "Utopia" will be taken off at the Savoy, and Sir Arthur is known to be very busy upon a new piece of work, which will appear sometime in the autumn.

The noble army of woman-novels is to receive a fresh addition shortly, in the shape of a story, by Miss Violet Hunt, entitled "The Maiden's Progress." I do not know that Miss Hunt has written other novels, but her handiwork is well-known in the ranks of journalism. She has done a great many of the clever society dialogues published in *Black and White* under the general title of "The Way We Live Now," and she contributes once a week, I believe on Wednesdays, the lady's column, "The Wares of Autolycus," in *The Pall Mall Gazette*. Miss Hunt, who is very attractive in appearance, is the daughter of Mr. Alfred Hunt, the well-known artist. The heroine of her story is said to be "brilliantly clever,

but very human"; and the author's model in art is Gyp. We may, at least, assure ourselves in advance that the novel will be well-written, an advantage which is, unfortunately, not common to the class to which it belongs.

Among the leaders of society who have taken to occasional journalism none is more popular than Lady Jeune, the wife of Sir Francis Jeune, President of the Divorce Court. Lady Jeune takes a keen interest in almost every branch of social discussion, and her frequent papers in the leading reviews prove the breadth of her sympathies. It is just announced that she proposes to collect these scattered essays into a volume, which is shortly to be published under a title as yet undecided. They will undoubtedly make an interesting and readable book. Lady Jeune has a house in Harley Street, the region chiefly populated by fashionable doctors, but spends a considerable part of the year in the country, at Arlington Manor, Newbury, not far from Oxford.

Madame Sarah Grand has been waging a lively controversy with *The Daily Chronicle*. She is a member of the Pioneer Club, the home of advanced womanhood, which has so widely increased its numbers during the last few months as to be obliged twice to change its club-house for more commodious quarters. The editor of *The Daily Chronicle*, some days ago, inserted a paragraph, expressing a hope that Madame Sarah Grand did not, in her recent article in *The North American Review*, speak as an authorized representative of the Pioneers. The President of the Club thereupon disclaimed the author of "The Heavenly Twins" as their spokeswoman, though she declared the pride the Club felt in numbering her among its members. Letter followed letter, and to-day Madame Grand launches out against the *Chronicle*, and accuses its editor of personal animosity against her. The little outburst is very refreshing, for it proves that the champion of the New Womanhood is not without those charming little feminine foibles and irrationalities which make her sex so delightfully akin and sympathetic to our own.

LONDON, May 25, 1894.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

## Boston Letter

JOSEPH JEFFERSON never had a more interested audience than the one that gathered in the rooms of the Boston Art Club, last Thursday, to listen to his address on histrionic art. Every seat was occupied, and even the steps of the platform were covered with men and women willing and anxious to sit in that most uncomfortable position in order to hear his entertaining words. In the same simple, kindly way in which Rip Van Winkle discourses upon the stage, Mr. Jefferson talked unaffectedly and most delightfully upon the art of the actor, adding, at the request of the President of the Club, an interesting comparison of the work of the painter and the sculptor with that of the actor. He pointed out the difference between the orator and the actor; the one talks, the other listens and acts. Without seeking to excuse the mistakes of weaker men and women on the stage, he yet pointed out how clearly the actor stands under the lime-light of publicity, so that his misdeeds are caught up and blazoned all over the country, when the same acts by private citizens are either passed over, or their scandals modified. Speaking of the old question, whether an actor can effectively play the same character for a long period, Mr. Jefferson maintained that this can be done, provided the player keeps up his interest in his work. If he lets it become uninteresting to himself, so that he cannot enter into the spirit of it, then he had better let it alone, for he cannot in that case make it interesting to his hearers. Like all of Mr. Jefferson's discourses, this one was interspersed with reminiscences and anecdotes, one of which I will repeat. On the night of the last joint appearance of Mr. Florence and Mr. Jefferson the two had naturally prepared for a call before the curtain, and, in order to have a little novelty, they rehearsed a scene which should appear to be impromptu. Mr. Florence was to begin a set reply to the audience, and then Mr. Jefferson was to interrupt. Mr. Florence, of course, would have the answer to that, and so it was to go on in a bright little scene. All the company gathered at the wings to see the fun. Down went the curtain. The actors took a long breath for the little episode—but, alas, the audience slowly filed out of the theatre without raising a hand. It little knew what it missed by omitting to applaud for a recall. Mr. Jefferson told this story to illustrate the fact that it is the second nature of the actor always to be prepared for every duty.

Writing of actors reminds me that Wilson Barrett, who is now in Boston, has told a friend of mine a most interesting story about the entrance into London life of the new poet, Richard Le Gallienne. I will repeat the story here, because,—except for this and one other publication, it has never yet appeared in print either in England or in America, and, as my informant tells me, is news to everybody. Eight years ago, when Barrett was playing his farewell engagements before sailing for his first visit to America, he

was cheered away at Liverpool—and, as you will see, curiously enough, considering the poetic romance of this story, his play on that night was "Chatterton,"—by a most enthusiastic audience, that would not content itself with applause in the theatre, but needs must follow his carriage as he dashed off homewards. He drove rapidly and finally found that he had left in the distance all the crowd, except two young men, who, puffing and perspiring, followed on, waving their hats, beside the door of his cab. Barrett bade the driver stop and, calling up the boys, shook hands with them warmly, but told them that they must not run any further. As he spoke, he noticed the handsome, tall lad, gaunt in figure but with remarkably beautiful eyes, and could not help asking his name. "Richard Le Gallienne," replied the youth. "Well," said the actor, captured at once by the appearance of his enthusiastic follower, "when I come back from America you must come and see me; I want to know you." The next summer he was again in Liverpool, and then met both the boys. Le Gallienne, he found, wanted to write; the other lad, a short, red-headed, youth, James Welch, wanted to act. Barrett thought the matter over, and as a result placed Welch in his company to play small parts, giving him a start in the profession which he now follows at the Avenue Theatre, London; Le Gallienne he took with him to London as his private secretary. But the enthusiastic actor did not stop there. He introduced his young protégé to Swinburne, and it is said that from that acquaintance the new poet's success dates, so that to-day his name is among those of the coming leaders of London writers.

That London dispatch, by the way, which stated under the signature of Edmund W. Gosse that the memorial to the poet Keats had been kept absolutely secret in the United States, is not a fact, I am glad to say, so far as *The Critic* is concerned, for last year I described in one of my letters the proposed memorial. The bust of Keats, which has now arrived in England, is the first monument to that poet to be placed on British soil. It was executed by Miss Anne Whitney of Boston, and given by Mrs. James T. Fields, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Richard Watson Gilder, Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, T. B. Aldrich and others. The plan is to have it placed in the parish church at Hampstead, where Keats wrote "The Ode to the Nightingale," where he met Fanny Brawne, and where he made his last English home.

The new President of Wellesley College will probably be Mrs. Julia J. Irvine. No official announcement has yet been made, but it is very safe to predict that Mrs. Irvine will have the position. She is a graduate of Cornell University, and also a former student of Leipzig, Germany. Since 1890 she has been Professor of Greek at Wellesley.

BOSTON, June 5, 1894.

CHARLES E. L. WINGATE.

## Chicago Letter

THE CEREMONIES with which the Field Columbian Museum was formally opened to the public, last Saturday, were effectively simple and dignified. They occupied less than an hour, and no uniform, except that of the Columbian Guard, was visible. The Trustees of the Museum, the Director and the Curators of the various departments, and many of the World's Fair officials, marched quietly through the rotunda and out to the platform, which had been erected in front of the north entrance. Nearly 10,000 guests had been invited to be present, and the crowd assembled below was very large. A brief prayer was offered by the Rev. F. W. Gunsaulus, after which Mr. Edward E. Ayer, the President, said a few words in introducing the Director, Mr. F. J. V. Skiff. The history of the growth of the Museum idea, which Mr. Skiff then delivered, was admirably clear and concise.

"There has been gathering head in this western land of ours during the more recent period of its history," he began, "a mighty power for civilization. Neither ancient, mediæval, nor modern times present a wider intellectual horizon, a period so alive to the demands of progressive humanity. The annals of centuries do not contain such evidences of a quickened higher culture and uplifting of educational forces as have been evoked during the last few years on the shores of the lake that sweeps this park. The Exposition left its ineffaceable impress on the social, moral, and intellectual development of the world. Another effort is inaugurated to carry forward this purpose; to meet the growing needs of a highly developed people; to gather up the truths of the sciences and the triumphs of the industries, and to preserve them as a perpetual benefit to mankind. As Columbus devoted his life to the exploration and extension of the world, so does this ceremony vitalize an analogous idea, a broader knowledge and more perpetuating vision."

Mr. Skiff then outlined the efforts which resulted in the formation of the Museum, and the discouragements which were scattered to the winds by Mr. Marshall Field's gift of one million dollars, last October. In spite of many difficulties, the installation was accomplished in a few months, and the collections, which I briefly

described a few weeks ago, are now in very good order. Mr. Skiff was followed by Mr. Edward G. Mason, President of the Chicago Historical Society, who delivered a rather wordy, though sometimes eloquent, address, looking to the future rather than the past, foretelling something of the coming value of the work so unselfishly accomplished. He expressed, also, the contrast, which was in the mind of each of us, of this dedication with that other more than a year ago, when, with all pomp and ceremony, with music and color, the beautiful Exposition was opened to the world. At the close of this speech the pennant of the Museum was flung to the wind and Mr. Ayer declared the doors open. But the crowd would not be satisfied without a speech from Mr. Field, whose generosity made the Museum possible. He could only be persuaded, however, to bow to the multitude, before disappearing with the Trustees. The officers of the Museum are as follows:—President, Edward E. Ayer; Vice-Presidents, Martin A. Ryerson and Norman B. Ream; Secretary, George Manierre; Treasurer, Byron S. Smith; Executive Committee, E. E. Ayer, H. N. Higinbotham, N. B. Ream, M. A. Ryerson, Owen F. Aldis.

It is refreshing to meet occasionally a writer who has no longings for atmosphere, who is quite content with his environment and looks forward with unbounded hopefulness to a roseate literary future. So unqualified an optimist as Mr. Hamlin Garland is rarely met with in any walk of life, but in literature he is phenomenal. The title of his latest book, "Crumbling Idols," does not sound hopeful, but one has but to read it to discover that the darkness is all in the past, the light in the future. For Mr. Garland no golden age has existed, except the present. This is the perfect flower, for the production of which all ages have toiled and suffered. The creations of Greece and Rome, of Italy and England, fade into insignificance in comparison with the glories of the present, or rather of the time now just at hand. The chief tenet of his creed is a line from Whitman:—"All that the past was not, the future will be." And he takes it to mean that the errors of the past will not be committed in the future, which will be just and wise. All this is very delightful, until one comes to analyze Mr. Garland's idea of perfection, and then the rosy colors in which he paints the outlook lose something of their brilliancy. For to him the most admirable novels, and it is of fiction that he speaks with most assurance, are extremely local in character, and violently realistic. Not satisfied with the old words, he is obliged to coin a new one to help elucidate his theories. "Veritism" pleases him better than the older titles, but I have yet to discover that he means by it anything essentially different from realism. He does not believe, apparently, in selection, for to him nothing is commonplace, nothing unworthy of art. But he is delightfully inconsistent. "The realist or veritist is really an optimist, a dreamer," he says; but he desires him "to hasten the age of beauty and peace by delineating the ugliness and warfare of the present." He is to dream, but never to express his dreams. Mr. Garland calls himself an individualist. "Veritism, as I understand it," he writes, "puts aside all models, even living writers." But he proceeds to lay down very rigid rules, from which, if he had his way, he would admit no deviation. Still, because of his emphatic opinions, because of his earnestness and enthusiasm, because of his dogmatic narrowness, even, his essays are lively and entertaining. Quarrel with him as one may, one cannot but admire his fearless zeal. The book is charmingly printed, on hand-made paper, by Stone & Kimball, its only drawback being the affectation of slanting the lines at the end of each essay.

The second number of the little *Chap-Book* is almost as interesting in its letter-press as the first. The principal article is a scholarly review, by Richard Henry Stoddard, of Gilbert Parker's sonnets, in which he writes of the great sonnet sequences. His compliment to this latest poet is all the greater because he finds him worthy of this preliminary:—"I find in 'A Lover's Diary' a quality which is not common in the verse of to-day, and which I find nowhere in its fulness, except in the poetry of the age of Elizabeth. To describe what evades description, I should call it suggestion—a vague hinting at, rather than a distinct exposition of, feeling and thought,—the prescience of things which, never beheld, are always expected, the remembrance of things which are only known through the shadows they leave behind them, the perception of uncommon capacities for pain, the anticipation of endless energies for pleasure, the instinctive discovery and enjoyment of the secret inspirations of love." Such a tribute from a man like Mr. Stoddard is not easily won.

CHICAGO, June 5, 1894.

LUCY MONROE.

ACCORDING to the announcement of courses of instruction in Radcliffe College for the coming year, the curriculum is to be much broader—larger by more than 50 per cent.—than in the past year. This change is partly due to the fact that many courses in the Harvard Graduate School will be opened to competent Radcliffe students.



## Notes

THE WORKS of Mr. R. L. Stevenson have hitherto been issued by various publishers, and are not to be had in any uniform or complete edition. This deficiency will now be supplied by the issue of his entire works in a new and uniform edition, limited to 1000 copies, and of the choicest possible style and appearance. This is to be called the "Edinburgh" edition, and is to be printed by the Constables on paper especially manufactured for the purpose and from a new font of type, with the view of making it an example of the very best that can be done in the way of book production in Scotland at the present date. The edition will include several "juvenilia" and other papers, both tales and travels, which have not hitherto been reprinted from the periodicals in which they appeared, and are not likely to be reprinted in any other form. The edition will consist of twenty volumes, divided in groups according to their subject-matter—namely, essays and miscellanies, travels and excursions, tales and fantasies, romances, history and biography, poems and ballads. The first volume will probably be published in October, and will be followed by others at intervals of about a month. The title-page will bear the names of all the publishers interested—*viz.*, Longman & Co., Cassell & Co., Seeley & Co., and Chatto & Windus, the last-named firm undertaking the distribution of the edition to subscribers. 300 copies of the edition will be reserved for the American market.

—Mr. James Stokes, the American who has given some \$80,000 to the Paris Young Men's Christian Association, has just been made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, through the initiative of M. Jules Siegfried, the well-known Deputy and ex-Minister of Commerce in the Ribot Cabinet. The cross will be presented to Mr. Stokes, at a meeting of the Association, when he visits Paris shortly.

—Among G. P. Putnam's Sons' announcements for the summer are "Mad Sir Uchtred," by S. R. Crockett, in the Autonym Library; "The Honorable Stanbury, and Others," by Two, and "Helen," by Vocs, in the Incognito Library; "Love and Shawl-Straps," by Annette L. Noble, the first volume of the Hudson Library, a new series of fiction; "Eyes Like the Sea," a translation of Maurice Jókai's latest story; "No Enemy, the Story of a Gentleman Tramp," by Elbert G. Hubbard; "On and Off the Saddle: Characteristic Signs and Scenes from the Great Northwest to the Antilles," by a well-known New Yorker; and "The Story of South Africa," in the Story of the Nations Series.

—The Rev. Dr. C. Ellis Stevens, author of "Sources of the Constitution of the United States," is an American, and not an Englishman, as some of the reviewers make out. He is a native of Boston, and Rector of Christ Church, Philadelphia—the old church of Washington and Franklin.

—At the last meeting of the college year of the Trustees of Columbia, a vote of thanks was given to William C. Schermerhorn for his gift of \$5000 for the purchase of books on sociology to be placed in the College library, and also to Mrs. W. P. Trowbridge, widow of Prof. W. P. Trowbridge of the School of Mines, for the gift of her husband's library of scientific works. The Board also voted thanks to Henry Adams, who received the Loubat prize of \$1000 for his "History of the United States During the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison," and has presented the money to the College to be expended in the purchase of books on history.

—Ginn & Co. will publish this summer "Frye's Geographies," a "practical two-book course, embodying the new methods."

—Mrs. Charles Henrotin of Chicago has received from the Sultan of Turkey the decoration of the Order of Chefakat, because of her services to Turkey as Vice-President of the Woman's Branch of the World's Congress Auxiliary. This is Mrs. Henrotin's second recognition by a foreign sovereign, and it is intimated that she will soon receive a third.

—By the will of the late Miss Julia Bullock of Providence the sum of \$50,000 will go to charitable and educational institutions, among the beneficiaries being the Providence Public Library.

—The design of John L. Pearson, a member of the Royal Academy, for the Tennyson memorial has been accepted by the English committee. The memorial is to be an Ionic cross thirty-four feet high, and will be called the Tennyson Beacon. The cross will bear an inscription showing that it was erected by the friends of Tennyson in England and America. The beacon will occupy a commanding position, 716 feet above high water, near Farringford, the home of the Laureate at Freshwater, Isle of Wight. It will be visible for many miles landward and seaward.

—Virginus Dabney, Deputy Collector of Customs in this city, and a well-known writer on the tariff question, died suddenly on June 2. He was born in Virginia, fifty-eight years ago, and was a graduate of the University of Virginia.

—The memorial to Phillips Brooks has been placed in the wall along the south aisle of St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. It symbolizes the command, "Feed My Sheep." The Archbishop of Canterbury composed the Latin quatrain inscribed underneath.

—At Bangs & Co.'s auction sale of June 4 the following prices were paid: "The Comic History of Rome," illustrated by John Leech, \$5; official "Records" of both armies of the Civil War, 92 vols., \$32; Lord Brougham's "Statesmen and Men-of-Letters of the Time of George III.," 5 vols., \$11.88; and the "American Annual Cyclopædia," 1876-85, \$6.50. On Wednesday the following books were sold:—"An Elizabethan Garland," being a descriptive catalogue of seventy black-letter ballads (1559-97) in the possession of George Daniel, London, 1856, of which only twenty-five were printed, illustrated with inserted plates, including 91 portraits of Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary, Old London Bridge in 1209, signet drawing of George Cruikshank and similar matters, brought \$55; Benjamin Franklin's complete works, compiled and edited by John Bigelow, New York, 1887, letter-press edition, only 600 printed for sale, \$80. The following "Groller Clubs," fine bindings, brought the prices named:—"Decree of Star Chamber," 1884, \$90; Robert Hoe's "Lectures on Bookbinding as a Fine Art," 1886, \$45; De Vinne's "Historic Printing Types," 1886, \$25; "Christopher Plantin," 1888, \$16; Wm. Matthews's "Modern Bookbinding," 1889, \$20; "The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury," 3 vols., 1889, \$66; Milton's "Areopagitica," \$17; "Catalogue of Early English Works," etc., 1893, \$17.75; William Bradford, facsimile, "Laws of the Province of New York," 1694, reprint of 1894, \$35. The following examples of the Kelmscott Press:—"The Story of the Glittering Plain," uncut, parchment, tied, printed on hand-made paper, \$15.50; "Poems by the Way," uncut, parchment, tied, with rubricated marginal references, \$16; "The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems," uncut, parchment, rubricated, \$11.

—Mr. Stanley J. Weyman is at work, it is said, upon an historical novel treating of the times of Charles I. A bundle of short stories, from his pen, "The Memoirs of a Statesman," is also announced as nearly ready.

—"After the Manner of Men" is the name of Robert Appleton's new novel, to be issued in the course of the month by the Franklin Pub. Co., Boston.

—The Final Honour School of English Languages and Literature has been established at last at the University of Oxford. The school will include authors "belonging to the different periods of English literature"; the history of the English language and of English literature, and the study of Anglo-Saxon and the relation of English to the languages with which it is etymologically connected.

—After two days continued improvement, Prof. W. D. Whitney of Yale suffered a slight relapse last Tuesday night. On Wednesday morning he was comfortable, although extremely weak.

—William R. Jenkins announces a cheap edition, in cloth and paper, of Capt. F. W. Bach's "How to Judge a Horse."

—In a note referring to Prof. Francis Brown, printed in *The Critic* of June 2, S. M. J. was inadvertently made to say that the young American savant will superintend in Oxford the "printing of his lexicon of the Greek and Aramaic languages." This of course should be "Hebrew and Aramaic."

—It is said in London that two books of great interest will be published in the near future: Macaulay's Journal and Prof. Jewett's Conversations.

—The British Anthropological Society has resolved to break for once its rule of never printing anything in its Quarterly Journal that has been already published elsewhere. This flattering exception will be made in favor of Mr. Horatio Hale's paper on "The Fall of Hochelaga," prepared by him originally for the World's Congress of Anthropology at Chicago, last year. The paper was also printed in the April number of *The Journal of American Folk-Lore*.

—E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press "An Easter Vacation," by Moira O'Neill, and "Everybody's Fairy Godmother," by Dorothy Quigley.

—Since her marriage, Olive Schreiner calls herself Mrs. Olive Schreiner. To restore the equilibrium her husband has changed his own name by adding hers to it, and is now, according to his visiting-cards, Mr. Cronwright Schreiner.

—Madame Sarah Grand's theory of an ideal married life is that "there should be absolute equality between the two, but not on the same lines; each in her or his own sphere, and that if there is to be a head it should be the husband." "Personally," she adds, "I should most admire a husband to whom I could show deference, whom I could consult on every subject. It would be such a pleasant, lazy, irresponsible existence, but it would not be quite ideal from a wider point of view."

—Prof. William Roesch, the German political economist, died at Leipzig on June 4. He was born at Hanover on Oct. 21, 1817, and was for many years professor of economics in Berlin and Leipzig. Among his works are "Thoughts upon Socialism and Communism," "History of Political Economy in England in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries" and "History of National Economy in Germany."

—The Outing Number of *The Outlook*, published to-day, has a cover-design from a water-color sketch by Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, printed in colors by the colorotype process, in which Mr. Smith takes a practical as well as an artistic interest.

—"Tasma," the Australian novelist, is in private life Mme. Augustus Coureur. She was taken to Tasmania when but two years old, and won fame as a public speaker before gaining it as a novelist. She lives in Brussels and is the possessor of several medals presented to her by different geographical societies.

—Mr. Bailey Saunders will soon publish, through Sonnenschein & Co., London, a biographical and critical essay on James Macpherson, the "translator" of Ossian, and on the rise and influence of the Ossianic legend. The volume will include a series of unpublished letters, partly from the Marquess of Abergavenny's MSS. at Edridge and partly from the British Museum, and contain an account of Macpherson's quarrel with Johnson, which differs materially from Boswell's version.

### The Free Parliament

*Communications must be accompanied by the names and addresses of correspondents, not necessarily for publication. In referring to any question, correspondents are requested to give its number.*

#### QUESTIONS

1752.—What can you tell me of Nietzsche? Have any of his writings been translated into English? It would appear from what I know of him that he is a living German writer of fiction,

and that his works have been suppressed by authority throughout Europe. Where can I get details?  
OAKLAND, Cal.

C. E. M.

#### ANSWERS


1749.—Whether or not it was the Greek idea in general, it was that of Pericles, who, in his oration at the public funeral at Athens of those who had fallen in the Peloponnesian War, said (Richard Crawley's translation of Thucydides's History of the Peloponnesian War, p. 125):—"There is justice in the claim that steadfastness in his country's battles should be as a cloak to cover a man's other imperfections; since the good action has blotted out the bad and his merit as a citizen more than outweighed his demerits as an individual."

BOSTON, MASS., May 23, 1894.

C. W. LEWIS.

### Publications Received

Ayres, A. Acting and Actors. \$1.25.  
Baker, W. M. The New Timothy. 50c.  
Baldwin, C. S. Infections and Syntax of the Morte D'Arthur. \$1.50.  
Bathby, G. On the Wallaby. 4s.  
Castlemore, H. Oscar in Africa.  
Dodd, A. B. In and Out of Three Normandy Inns. 50c.  
Drinkwater, J. Three Women.  
Ebers, G. Cleopatra. Tr. by M. J. Safford. 2 vols. 75c. each.  
Easton, H. M. In the China Sea. 50c.  
Ely, R. T. Socialism. \$1.50.  
Goodwin, W. W., and White, J. W. Xenophon's Anabasis.  
Hints to Small Libraries.  
Holt, L. E. The Care and Feeding of Children. 50c.  
Huxley, T. H. Man's Place in Nature. \$1.25.  
Jeans, J. S. Trusts, Pools and Corners. 2s. 6d.  
Jeans, J. W. Political Methods. 50c.  
King, M. Handbook of New York City.  
Lee, M. A Brighton Night. A Brooklyn Bachelor.  
Lee, M. Divorce.  
Mace, W. H. Development of the Nation. 15c.  
Mead, W. E. Elementary Composition and Rhetoric. 50c.  
Moore, G. Esther Waters. 50c.  
Patterson, H. Navigator's Pocket Book. 2s.  
Scott, W. Feveril of The Peak. 3 vols.  
Tadema, L. A. The Wings of Icarus. \$1.25.  
Taylor, J. M. Maximilian and Carlotta. \$1.50.  
Tilden, J. N. A Grammar School Geography. \$1.25.  
Wells, W. Plane and Solid Geometry. \$1.25.  
D. Appleton & Co. Harper & Bros.  
Ginn & Co.  
Longmans, Green & Co.  
Phila.: Porter & Coates.  
Lovell, Coryell & Co.  
Boston: Bradley & Woodruff.  
D. Appleton & Co.  
Robert Bonner's Sons.  
New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.  
Ginn & Co.  
Brooklyn: Pratt Ins. Free Lib.  
D. Appleton & Co.  
D. Appleton & Co.  
London: Methuen & Co.  
Albany: N. Y. University.  
Boston: Moses King.  
Lovell, Coryell & Co.  
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Leach, Shewell & Sanborn.  
Chicago: Chas. H. Sergel & Co.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.  
Boston: Estes & Lauriat.  
Macmillan & Co.  
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